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CONTEMPORARY COMMENTARY

A series of monthly contributions sponsored by the Unservile State Group

In this issue the Group welcomes the reflections of an outsider, Norman MacKenzie, on a recent book by a member of the Group, *The Liberal Future*, by Jo Grimond, M.P., Leader of the Liberal Party (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.). Mr. MacKenzie is a Socialist and the editor of a recent symposium, *Conviction*, where an attempt was made to rethink the foundations of Socialist policy in Britain. His comments on Liberal rethinking are followed by a reply by George Watson, editor of *The Unservile State* (Allen & Unwin, 21s.).

POLITICS AS A STATE OF MIND

BY NORMAN MACKENZIE

JUST over a year ago, when I was editing the volume of essays which appeared under the title *Conviction*,* I sent a letter to each of the contributors in which I set out the purpose of this book. Each of them was, I knew, in some sense a Socialist; each of them had some special interest—social policy, foreign affairs, culture, science. And I therefore asked them to write personally, frankly and imaginatively about the reasons that led them to Socialist conclusions, and the application of those conclusions to the problems that faced them in their own life and work. My purpose was to bring together some of the new ideas—or, to put it more modestly, to reflect some of the new attitudes—which have been developing among younger people in or on the fringes of the Labour Party.

The result was not a definitive statement of Socialist principle, or even of Labour Party policy. It was not intended to be either of these things: it was simply an attempt to define what certain traditional Socialist concepts could mean in terms of contemporary Britain, especially to the generation which has grown up in the Welfare State, knowing little of the problems and the arguments of the Thirties. Such a discussion was long overdue, because the Labour Party—the prisoner of its own success in 1945—has been peculiarly slow to adapt its outlook to the quite different conditions created by the Welfare State. That is one explanation of its relative failure

* Macgibbon & Kee, 18s.

to interest and recruit younger men and women: its policies and attitudes too often seem old-fashioned and irrelevant.

I write these first paragraphs just after reading a letter by Mr. Denis Potter, published in *The Times*. Mr. Potter, the retiring president of the Oxford University Labour Club, is making much the same points: he complains that the moderate policies of the Labour leadership and the fundamentalism of many former Bevanites seem equally irrelevant to him and others of his generation. The former seem to have no desire to change our society and the latter seem to have no idea how to change it. He is, temperamentally, on the Left, and he wants a radical evangelism to evoke his enthusiasm: and yet he seeks something more specific to our own times than old slogans that date back to the days when his dad was on the dole and the Tories had not discovered the advantages of welfare capitalism.

There is something in what he says, especially about young people. The Labour Party has not yet found a way to enlist the enthusiasm of young workers and undergraduates—in the past, indeed, it has seemed more concerned about the heresies that youth groups may develop than about the contribution they can make to the party. I think there are a number of reasons for this failure: the restriction of membership to those under 21, with the result that the leadership is creamed off just as it begins to emerge; the lack of funds and the absence of the snobbery that gives the Young Conservatives an appeal to the social-climbing white-collar employees; and the belief that the role of young people is to do the donkey work without any real responsibilities for political decision or action within the party organization. I hope that the Labour Executive is going to think again about this problem, because it is becoming increasingly serious as the party membership ages. But there is no doubt that, at present, the most active youth groups on the Left centre around the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, the *Universities and Left Review*, the *New Reasoner*, and other political or cultural minorities. When more young people march into Trafalgar Square under the Nuclear Campaign lollipops than the Labour Party can recruit in the whole country, it is time somebody thought very hard about the image that the Labour Party presents to the under-25's. The stalwarts who struggled for the 1945 victory are already dying off, and those who come after them do not remember the heroic days before the movement became respectable.

I raise this problem because it is clear that, comparatively speaking, the Liberal Party has been more successful in attracting young people: it is, probably, the youngest party in the country. And I have, therefore, been carefully reading Mr. Jo Grimond's book, *The Liberal Future*,* in an effort to discover where the Liberal appeal lies. He, too, is anxious to establish the relevance of a traditional principle to modern conditions, and to discuss politics in a rational and intelligent manner rather than to score debating points for party advantage. And, since there is too little sensible argument of this kind, and too much intolerance, his case should not merely

* Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.

be dismissed as the wordy meanderings of a politician without responsibility or the hope of office.

These are harsh words, but they are not mine. They are the conventional response to almost any proposal or policy that bears the Liberal imprint. Too many Tories and Labourites treat Liberals as if they were merely well-intentioned noodles who are trying to get the best of both worlds, and whose intervention in elections is either a nuisance (see Lord Hailsham) or, if you look at it from the Labour side, a possible windfall. Liberals naturally find this frustrating and annoying. They want to be taken seriously, to climb out of the wastepaper basket that is labelled "Wasted Votes". I can understand their indignation. I am not a Liberal, and I would like to persuade young radicals who support the Liberal Party to join the Labour Party. But I object to this patronizing discrimination for the simple reason that restrictions on free speech and controversy—for that is what is really involved in the various devices used to harry the Liberals—is corrupting and damaging to those who impose it. I am not afraid of giving a Liberal—or for that matter a Welsh or Scottish Nationalist, a Currency Reformer or a Nuclear Disarmer—an opportunity to state his case on radio or TV, or in the press.

We have too little argument today, not too much, and without exercise the talent for it withers. I do not object to a Liberal candidate. The reduction of democracy to the choice between Codlin and Short at four-year intervals forces opinion into narrow and inadequate channels. I have fought two parliamentary elections. At one there was no Liberal candidate, but there was in the other. His intervention made no difference to the result, but there were 4,000 electors who believed that he better expressed their views than did my opponent or myself. What right have I to tell them that minority votes are useless? Only if I believe that the two-party system in its present form is immutable, and that those who enjoy its advantages are entitled to perpetuate their supremacy by drawing up the rules of the game in their own interests. If we accept that argument we not only close the door to change: we also limit the essential democratic right to criticize and cashier our rulers. As society grows more complex, as mass-communications become more expensive, as the mass-persuasion of millions of citizens becomes more skilled, so it becomes harder for the new or the dissenting idea to get into circulation. The cards are stacked against the outsider. He cannot command the votes to win a seat, or the money to start a newspaper, or the techniques and the trained operators that are at the disposal of those who arrived at an earlier date, when access was easier. It is quite possible that, if conditions at the beginning of the century had been as they are now, the Labour Party could never have become a major influence in Britain. As a member of the Labour Party I want it to win: but it would be a bad day both for the party and the country if those who have different ideas—perhaps newer and perhaps better ideas—did not have a fair chance of putting them to the test. And I apply that dictum equally to discussion within the party and outside it.

On this point I am in complete agreement with Mr. Grimond. "There

should be no limit on criticism," he writes, "even of our most hallowed beliefs . . . Once you put any institution or belief on a pinnacle of its own, you open the way to censorship of all kinds, and you end by killing the thing to be protected, for lack of criticism will destroy it." There has been a subtle corrosion of this attitude, which seems to me the essential difference between the free and the servile society. It is not merely a matter of suppression by legal or administrative action, of making illiberal laws, of expelling critics, or denying minorities the opportunity to state their views. Such overt denial of intellectual liberty often produces a healthy reaction on the part of those who discover its value when it is formally denied. No. I am much more disturbed by the failure to defend this principle of free criticism on the part of those who, if challenged, proclaim themselves its champions. For men in positions of power—or who hope soon to occupy them—can always find specious arguments against criticism. "What you say may be true, but it should not be said on the eve of an election . . . when the Government is in difficulties . . . at such a dangerous moment in foreign affairs . . . in case the Opposition makes capital out of it." We had an example of this recently when, inside the Labour Party, the novel *No Love for Johnnie* by the late Wilfred Fienburgh was widely discussed in terms of whether it would damage the party, not on its merits as a novel. It is an attitude which is widespread among the Tories, who prefer to discuss their differences in private. And it is an attitude that is infectious. The ambitious man, whether in politics or business, learns to attune himself to the views of those higher up the ladder: criticism is an expensive luxury for whose who wish to rise. He soon begins to find reasons why, whatever his private beliefs, it is opportune not to express them on the wrong occasions. An ill-considered remark about birth control may lose him a marginal seat where there is a large Catholic vote; it is better to be paired when there is a vote on the law affecting homosexuals; the young Tory looking for a safe seat had better swallow unsaid any unorthodox opinions on flogging, capital punishment or Suez. In such circumstances, discretion is always the better part of valour. But discretion may morally destroy the discreet, for a habit acquired on small issues is easily extended to greater ones. Those who wish to preserve democracy must recognize that the truth is always inconvenient to someone. The one lesson to be learnt from recent history—and the plight of Communists who long silenced doubts about Stalin's Russia underlines the point—is that failure to tell the truth as you see it may give you power, but power in its most deadly form, power without responsibility. It is a very short step from reluctance to criticize to believing that criticism is undesirable: it is not much further to the view that criticism is subversive.

It should not be necessary to re-state what should be obvious to anyone who takes democracy seriously. I do so because so much discussion of the role of Liberals seems to rest on the assumption that they are meddling in something that is not their business—that is, the smooth running of the British parliamentary system. They are treated as amiable children who should sit quietly, like Pip in *Great Expectations*, while Mr. Wopsle and

Mr. Pumblechook share the best parts of the chicken. If Liberals can win votes in an apparently hopeless cause, if they can recruit young people and turn them into selfless enthusiasts, if they can find enough money to keep afloat, they do so because they are meeting a public demand that is not satisfied by either the Tory or the Labour parties. Those of us who would like to see that support and social energy brought into the Labour Party cannot achieve this by deriding the Liberals—especially as we take a similar view on a number of problems. We have to ask why, in the face of persistent electoral failure, they not only survive but seem to flourish.

* * *

It is here, I believe, that I begin to part company with Mr. Grimond, for I am sure that he would not disagree with the substance of what I have so far said. For I consider that part of the appeal of contemporary Liberalism for young people lies in the fact that it is muddled and imprecise: it gives an overall impression of forthright radicalism—enough, at least, to arouse an evangelical fervour—without asking its adherents to engage in any struggles that will bring them into serious conflict with the accepted values or vested interests of our society. It expresses a mood of dissatisfaction, and yet it is safe and respectable. No one loses his job by being a Liberal—and young people, especially those on the way up through the grammar and secondary schools, are very anxious to succeed in business and the professions. No one is even going to endanger his promotion by being a Liberal. It enables them, moreover, to feel that they are thinking for themselves: they are not subject to the fusty and bureaucratic procedure they assume exists within the Labour Party or taken in by the slick cynicism of the modern Tories. They do not have to conform to party discipline, or even go down the line for the Liberal Party policy. They can, in short, be in a state of mind rather than in a committed political position.

This, to be honest, is the impression that I have formed from personal contacts with present-day Liberals, and it is confirmed by reading Mr. Grimond's book. And this state of mind hits off precisely the mood of those who have grown up in the Welfare State, disliking the austerity and controls and taxation that they identify with the Attlee Government, and yet aware of the imperfections and stupidities of the Tories. It is, indeed, a middle-class ideology, put forward and accepted by those who want to mitigate the extremes of class-struggle and limit the power of the great interests which are involved in it. For, whether one likes it or not, politics is a struggle between interest groups, wielding economic power—whatever decorative armour they put on and whatever slogans they shout as they move into action against each other. And again, like it or not, the Liberal Party does not now stand for any great social interest: it stands, on the contrary, for those who dislike the great powers of organized business and organized labour and believe that it is possible to take up a pitch between them crying a plague on both. There are, of course, a good many people who think that this is a desirable position, but they must recognize that it is a concept accepted only by those who think popular suffrage can produce a "neutral" government, over and above the classes, or the

economic lobbies, the corporations, the big unions. There is no such thing: indeed, it is doubtful whether Parliament today is the centre of power that constitutional theory assumes. Many of the decisions that shape our lives are taken outside it, either by a Cabinet which is responsive to non-parliamentary pressures, or by the leaders of powerful interests who are in no way responsible to the voter and who are only marginally interested in public opinion.

There was a time when the Liberal Party did broadly reflect a great economic interest, and could exert the leverage that comes from an alliance of political enthusiasts with economic power. But it lost that base because it was unable to solve an inner contradiction. The Labour Party only arose because the Liberal Party could not make up its mind whether to follow the Radical or Lib-Lab line, allying itself with the newly emerging power of the unions, or to go on conciliating the Whig interest. It could not do both. But it tried to do both, and it was torn apart. The dilemma that wrecked it 40 years ago remains valid today, however one wraps it up in brave cross-bench language.

I think it is the reluctance of Liberals to face that dilemma—and they do not face it simply by claiming that there is merit in looking both ways at once—that gives the Liberal Party such an amateurish appearance. For it is ignoring the main issue on which our politics now hinge. Of course, in a period such as the present, when full employment and rising standards of living have blunted the edge of class conflict, such a state of mind is bound to be more common and seem more realistic than it was in the days of mass unemployment and desperate poverty. But Mr. Grimond not only ignores the issue: he denies at great length that it is any issue at all. And once that issue is dismissed, the remainder of his policy is bound to look like something he has fetched home from a political bring-and-buy sale. A more liberal colonial policy. Excellent. No capital punishment, substantial reforms in our sex-laws and our prison administration, better and more intelligent town-planning, a revival of local democracy. Splendid. Tax reform, a more sensible defence policy, some degree of self-government for Wales and Scotland. Certainly. But there is nothing distinctively Liberal about any of them: they spring from a liberal state of mind, and every one of them—and I have here selected the more radical rather than the more conservative aspects of Liberal policy—is either the official policy of the Labour Party or is supported by a substantial minority within it. The difficulty is that all of them, if implemented, would improve the detail of our society, and none of them would change its nature.

Of course it is sensible for Liberals and Socialists (and the intelligent Tory, for that matter) to campaign for good causes which they have in common: the more public discussion of them, the better, and the more people can be mobilized against racial intolerance, or ugly housing schemes, or encroachments on personal liberty, the sooner we shall dispose of some of the nastier things in our social landscape. I happen to believe, however, that there are larger objectives, that politics is not merely about the state of our prisons, or the design of public buildings; I believe, moreover, that

there is a connection between these lesser issues and the underlying tensions within our society. Unless you see such a connection, political differences are reduced to a conflict between decent, intelligent, humane people, on the one hand, and, on the other, those who are stupid and socially blind. Indeed, I am sure that many Liberals see politics exactly in those terms. They saw Suez as the folly of a sick Prime Minister, a dumb Foreign Secretary, a Cabinet carried away by resentment at Nasser's pretensions, not as a predictable outcome of the struggle of British imperialism to maintain its declining position in the Middle East. They see the erosion of town-planning as the work of narrow-minded philistines, not as the product of our present property-relationships; they are without experience of the realities of working-class life, and so they regard trade union leaders as power-hungry bosses seeking only to wring sectional advantage from the economy; they object to the excesses of white settlers and colonial administrations, but they cannot see that these are the result, not of personal beastliness, but of a struggle for power between a ruling group and those who are trying to overthrow the system by which that group lives. While personal character plays its part in such affairs—naturally, there are "nice" Tories and unpleasant trade unionists—it is incidental to, not the central issue of, politics.

* * *

It is here that the real line of division comes between Liberals and Socialists, and it is difficult to communicate across that frontier because we have different assumptions. We are conducting a political debate on different wave-lengths: Mr. Grimond is talking away on Channel Nine while I am holding forth on Channel One. No doubt he has great difficulty in understanding why I want to change the social system, just as I find it hard to comprehend why he fails to see its obvious defects. Let me try to explain why I am not convinced by him.

There are, first, some quite incredible notions in his book. As a Socialist I am interested in creating a whole, and not a fragmented community, in which a man's worth is measured by his contribution to society, not by what he can get out of it, in which there are no inherited distinctions of class or wealth, in which our efforts are guided by the good of all and not the search for private gain. This may be a utopian view; but it gives me my moral bearings in finding my way through the jungle of contemporary life. But, according to Mr. Grimond, it ranks me with the "prigs, busy-bodies and professional Sociologists . . . a stuffy, precious and wholly illiberal world." When I read that piece of shallow demagogic I almost put this book aside in disgust: it certainly diminished my respect for Mr. Grimond's liberalism. Two pages later we are told that "the proletarians are marbles in a bag. The proletarians maintain no institutions of their own. The proletarians are means, not ends. They are equal with the full horror of the equality of universal sameness." This is rubbish, if it applies to real proletarians, and nonsense if Mr. Grimond is talking about some hypothetical proletarians: instead of reading *1984*, he should spend a few

months living among the British working-class. If he cannot spare the time, he might read Richard Hoggart or Raymond Williams.

There is a similar air of abstraction about Mr. Grimond's discussion of our party system. Of course it has faults—one of them is that representative government may become caucus government, remote from the view of the electorate. But his two remedies seem contradictory. He argues that it would be better to have a "second chamber, elected but less acutely dependent than is the House of Commons on the favour of the electorate." In the next sentence he suggests that the abolition of the single member constituency would weaken the party system, and "give a better platform to voices and votes not wholly at the beck and call of producer interests." I think, instead of general theories, he had better examine, say, the Australian system, which has exactly the type of voting and constituency—to say nothing of the kind of Upper House—which he proposes: yet Australian politics are the most interest-dominated and caucus-ridden in the Commonwealth.

Again, there is a weird identification of all Socialists with a Housewives' League nightmare of total State control, bureaucratic planning, austerity and public ownership for its own sake. Mr. Grimond has been reading the *Daily Express*, not the main arguments about the nature of a free and Socialist society which have been going on in and around the Labour Party in recent years. I will try to put the argument in two or three sentences, if he has not already looked at Professor Galbraith's brilliant analysis in *The Affluent Society*. Apart from the moral arguments for greater social ownership—and that may include co-operative and municipal enterprise—there is a strong practical case for it. First, in modern capitalist societies the private sector grows much faster and more illogically than the public sector, partly because it has the means to accumulate the necessary capital, partly because it is led on to develop the markets which, irrespective of their social value, offer the easiest and largest profits, and partly because the value-system which is created in such economies makes private accumulation and private expenditure more socially acceptable than public investment and public spending, on which the returns are less obvious. That is why, as Kenneth Galbraith points out, we can build millions of cars, yet have no decent roads on which to run them, or parking places on which to put them; we can give every child a TV set in its home, but force it into an overcrowded and inadequate school; we can spend millions on patent medicines, yet leave one person in 20 to die in mental hospitals that are too often a disgrace to human dignity; we can pour fortunes into detergents, but we cannot get our dustbins emptied twice a week; we can run up hideous office-blocks, but we cannot clear slums. None of this is accidental. It is a disproportion that is built into the system.

There is, moreover, a further argument. Not only is much of our investment, productive talent, distributive effort and capital equipment thus misdirected: such parts of the economy are the only ones that are expanding rapidly, while the rest stagnates. If we are to meet the domestic demands on our economy, let alone maintain and improve our competitive position in

the world—and Mr. Grimond seems far more concerned about Free Trade and convertibility than about the real cause of the recurrent crises in our balance of payments—we have got to step up industrial investment, and to do it by setting up priorities. Among those priorities must be the renovation and modernization of industries which, even under the boom conditions of the past ten years, have proved unable to do it themselves. That may involve outright public ownership; it may require new pilot plants and public-private partnership—something to which the Labour Party has been committed for nearly ten years, though Mr. Grimond reproves us for not considering such things. I realize, of course, that it also involves something like a wages policy but, given the co-operation of the trade unions, it is far more likely to achieve the needed results than a pursuit of co-ownership—a piece of dogmatic and irrelevant thinking if you like—which does not touch the problem of managerial irresponsibility (may, indeed, intensify it) let alone help solve the more urgent question of investment and social priorities. Mr. Grimond's statement that "if we want high industrial production and an expanding society we must . . . find new ways of spreading property" is offered as the desirable antithesis of accepting "a very great concentration of power in the hands of our rulers." This is semantic confusion, not economic analysis. The valid question is the way in which social ownership should be used to control the great concentrations of power that arise in modern industrial societies. There is room for a good deal of discussion about ways and means of doing this, but it is a much more valid solution than hoping that a mass of petty puppet capitalists can somehow create a non-oligarchic industrial democracy.

I have been considering the fundamental economic difference between contemporary Socialists and Liberals—though I am not claiming that Socialists have yet devised a complete and detailed answer to the problems that face us. But I suspect that there is also a deep cleavage in our attitude to social services, education, and other "welfare" aspects of the public sector. Mr. Grimond is much closer to the Tory concept of a minimum, above which the successful can rise, than he is to a concept of genuine equality. He sees no reason "why in a Liberal economy without inflation unemployment should rise above the Beveridge level." That sounds fine. He does not add that this level is *above* the rate prevailing this last winter, when it was clearly higher than public opinion was prepared to accept. There is no need for it to rise that high, unless you accept the criteria of private enterprise, as Mr. Grimond does. I consider the social cost as well as the economic waste, and unlike Mr. Grimond I am not complacent about the social services available to cushion the hardship that unemployment (or chronic sickness or old age) involves. He accepts the mythology of the Welfare State, and does not recognize that all the social legislation brought in since the war would not prevent suffering on the pre-war scale if there were prolonged and widespread unemployment. The unemployed man actually receives a lower proportion of his previous earnings in benefit today than before the war, and it is only his own accumulated reserves—and family earnings—which protect him in the short run. All the grumbling

about the "burden" of taxation for the social services has had its effect; too many people take it for granted that the burden has increased and that the services are much better. Relative to the national income it is no higher than in 1939, and for a large part of the working-class the services themselves are not substantially different.

We have come to assume that all is well—and one reason for that is that the Labour Party has been busy defending its record against Tory criticism and has scarcely paused to ask how much real difference there is. We have, moreover, come to accept a double standard: at a time when there is so much talk about the cost of State retirement pensions, large tax concessions (which fall negatively on the Revenue) are made to private pensions schemes which, as Professor Titmuss has pointed out, are leading us to greater disparities in old age than in working life. We have a Health Service with a private sector which corrupts and distorts its functions; we have at least two—and, with grammar schools or their equivalent open to the clever, a growing tendency to three—educational systems; and our tax system is being used to widen the gap between the classes, just as in innumerable ways, from paid holidays and security of employment to expense-account rackets, we mark off the salaried employees from the weekly wage-earners. This class structure is unhealthy, undemocratic, in the long run unacceptable. The basic difference between Mr. Grimond and myself is that he wants to reform but preserve it. I want to get rid of it. And I think this offers an adequate programme for any young person who feels that there is no room for the social evangelist today. The problem is not that there is too little left to do. It is knowing where to start on all the jobs that are yet to be done—even if we succeed in preserving the peace to find time in which to do it, and in adjusting our internal structure to the changing and difficult conditions of life as a nation in a world which no longer owes us a living. It is that challenge that make me a Socialist. This is not a state of mind: it is a political position that relates to the realities of power and the purposes for which power should be used.

A COMMENT

BY GEORGE WATSON

M R. NORMAN MACKENZIE is the Socialist many Liberals have been looking for. Look about you, as a Liberal, for a Socialist who will give you an argument about Liberal policies, and you will not find one in any of the obvious places. You will hear plenty of familiar dismissals, but no arguments. You will be told the Liberals haven't a chance anyway—an assertion which, whether true or false, is simply irrelevant. You will be told Liberal policies are the same as Conservative policies, which turns out, under examination, to mean that the vast differences of policy between the two parties do not happen to be of a kind that interest a Socialist. You will be told Britain is naturally a two-party State—"in natural polarity", as a Socialist told me rather grandly the other day. Or you will simply observe, once again, the very special kind of

smile reserved for Liberals before the Torrington by-election and not yet entirely extinct; it is the kind of smile one reserves for an erring child whose vagaries are never likely to blow up the house or lead to the breakage of anything really valuable but who, none the less, must realize that it is time to go and play in the nursery.

None of these routine courtesies figure in Mr. MacKenzie's reflections on *The Liberal Future*. And his remarks are important and useful in a more positive sense. Mr. MacKenzie is not a Socialist fundamentalist. He knows you cannot cure the present malaise of British politics by shouting "more Socialism"—not, at least, if by Socialism you mean legislation along the lines of the Attlee Governments. For Liberals, that is, his argument starts in the right place, which is that the old Tory-Socialist debate made false assumptions about the nature of our society. And, given that all Liberals and many intelligent Socialists have seen through the nationalization controversies and want no more of them, a large question poses itself for the future: have we anything more in common? The rethinkers, after all are in office—if not exactly in power—in both the Labour and Liberal parties. Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Grimond are pretty certainly united in a conviction that politics as we fight them today are hardly worth fighting. It is natural to ask whether they are united in believing anything else. After all, a Labour-Liberal coalition is a genuine possibility after the next election, and it may be useful (as it is certainly amusing) to consider bargaining-terms in advance.

It seems to me (as it seemed to Mr. MacKenzie) that the answer must be a pessimistic one, that Socialist and Liberal still face each other over a great void. Mr. MacKenzie sums it up when he says we are conducting a debate on different wave-lengths; so we are, and he goes on to prove it in the next sentence by attributing to Mr. Grimond a position no British Liberal holds: "No doubt," says Mr. MacKenzie of Mr. Grimond, "he has great difficulty in understanding why I want to change the social system, just as I find it hard to comprehend why he fails to see its obvious defects." Defects obvious to a Socialist, that is. Mr. Grimond sees plenty of defects in the present system as they are obvious to a Liberal, but though they are different it does not follow they matter less. Certainly the implication that the Liberal Party accepts the existing social system is manifestly untrue and cannot fairly be derived from any passage in *The Liberal Future*. The Liberal Party is publicly committed to ending the sovereignty of Britain in a European Union, transforming the constitution by means of proportional representation and parliaments for Wales and Scotland, sharing the ownership, direction and profits of industry with all who work in it, and unilaterally ending the 40-year-old system of protective tariffs. Mr. MacKenzie is entitled to say, though he doesn't, that these are foolish notions, but it hardly makes sense to deny that the British social system would look radically different after they had been put into effect. A Britain in which most adults (as against one in 20 at present) owned industrial shares and consequently had a direct interest in higher dividends—to mention only one Liberal objective—would, for better or worse, be a very

different society from one in which the few own and the many work.

But, of course, Mr. MacKenzie's claim that Liberals accept the social system as it stands is a red herring. He is better entitled to say, and perhaps would say, that though a Liberal society would be radically different from the one we have, it would also be radically worse. And I think that, from a Socialist view, there is much to be said for this. If "rent" (including interest on capital, house-rents, dividends, capital increments, etc., etc.) is inherently evil, as Socialists traditionally believe, you do not make it less evil by distributing it ever more widely. Muck is muck, however thin you spread it. If I were a Socialist, I should be far more anti-Liberal than anti-Conservative. For the Conservatives, after all, can usually be depended upon to leave things pretty much where they were, and at least they are not likely to infect the vast non-capitalist 95 per cent of our society with capitalist interests and capitalist morality. Put the Liberals in, and they might change all this. The circulation of the *Financial Times* might leap alarmingly if the steel industry were owned and directed by the steel-workers in a competitive system, and Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Strauss would hardly then be able to report to Parliament that the steel-producing areas were solidly behind the Labour Party in its crusade for renationalization. And, of course, things would be even worse if the Liberals changed the electoral system which the Tory-Socialists seem as determined as ever to maintain. Under Tory Governments the Socialists can always hope to be returned, as they were returned in 1945 and 1950, on a minority vote in the country, but a Liberal Government would kill this hope. As for the European idea, it makes about as much sense, in Socialist terms, for Britain to merge with the solidly anti-Socialist Six as to jump off the end of the pier.

Mr. MacKenzie's politeness, and perhaps his disinclination to make Liberal policies sound too exciting, have surely led him to under-emphasize the positively offensive quality in the New Liberalism of Mr. Grimond to old Socialist ideals. There is a good case for saying that, purely on grounds of policy, Labour may find the Conservatives more congenial allies in future Parliaments than the Liberals, that the popular notion of the Liberals as a centre party between two big extremes is hopelessly out of date. But these are conclusions which, however true, most Socialists and Liberals accept only with the greatest reluctance. If it is so, we feel, it ought not to be so. If the traditional Left in Britain is riven by differences greater than any that divide its parts from Conservatism, then it ought to be ashamed of itself. We ought to be building bridges, not jeering at each other across the void, and Mr. MacKenzie has already made a generous and realistic attempt to show where major agreements already exist. I hope we may find some more, and I am sure the dialogue should go on. But if it is to proceed with a proper understanding there must be frank talk on both sides, and now that a distinguished Socialist has explained that there are passages in *The Liberal Future* that made him want to "put this book aside in disgust" it is surely time to explain why Liberal

rethinkers, such as those who compose the Unservile State Group, find the philosophy of Socialism repulsive and reactionary.

The traditional aims of Socialists have just been summed up under three heads:

1. "A whole, and not a fragmented community";
2. A society "in which a man's worth is measured by his contribution to society, not by what he can get out of it, . . . in which our efforts are guided by the good of all and not the search for private gain"; and
3. A society "in which there are no inherited distinctions of class or wealth."

The third ideal I embrace at once—a spot for bridge-building, if ever there was one—and note with relief that Mr. MacKenzie condemns only inherited distinctions, and not just distinctions, as other Socialists such as Bernard Shaw have done. (His second point, indeed, makes it clear by implication that he is no egalitarian, if I am right in supposing that each "contribution to society" should receive its economic reward as well as its meed of praise.) But points 1 and 2 fill me with a sense of distaste near enough to disgust as to make no matter. What would "a whole community" be like? None of the Socialists I know, apart from those who are still members of the Communist Party, seem to desire a one-Church, one-Party State, a conformity in political and religious (or irreligious) belief and observance. I absolve Mr. MacKenzie without hesitation from any ambition to build anything as truly disgusting as a "whole" society in Khrushchev/Franco style. But I wonder if he and other Socialists realize how totalitarian their demand for wholeness looks to Liberal eyes? We do not suppose the Attlees and the Gaitskells of this world to be knowingly creating the conditions of a police-state—a form of society, after all, in which they would be among the first to go to the wall—but we do suspect the police-state to be the only logical conclusion to the principles to which they are dedicated. Mr. MacKenzie's second point represents an ideal so subversive to human nature that I do not know that Chinese Communism itself could carry it through. Human beings, he says, in the Socialist state, are to be "guided by the good of all and not the search for private gain", i.e. they are never to act from selfish motives. I trust Mr. MacKenzie has not swallowed any of the callower forms of Socialist propaganda which sometimes appear to attribute human selfishness to an historical phenomenon called the Rise of Capitalism, all to be swept away in the progress of reform. He must surely know, with all thoughtful people, that "private gain" is a recurring (and often all-consuming) motive with all adults and most children, and that the minority of individuals who prefer to take out their gains in terms of popularity and esteem rather than plain cash are not always the least egoist of men. And this is not at all a characteristic of "capitalist" societies: it is equally true of pre-industrial, and of Communist ones. Now Mr. MacKenzie evidently believes that a motive is the worse for being selfish, and I do not, and that in itself is an important difference between us and our parties. For what else are the repeated Liberal demands for a society and an industrial system which would encourage the self-fulfilment

of the individual human personality but a sanctification of the human ego, a vote of thanks for the fact all Socialists deplore, that human beings in their temerity actually want something for themselves? In this sense, at least, and in this sense only, Socialism is more radical than Liberalism: it does not accept human beings as they are.

Again, Socialism would be making an important error if they were to suppose that the Liberal acceptance of human egoism were a cynical one. No doubt the Socialist demand for a society based upon unselfish motives is subversive and "unrealistic", but these are hardly objections by radical standards—and Liberals are radicals. Our case is rather this: that human beings not only are basically egoist, but ought to be so, and fall in human terms in so far as they are not. A human creature who, like Thomas Mann's Hanno Buddenbrook, "cannot want anything", is not far from the condition of the manic depressive, and it is only in terms of selfish ambition (i.e. ambition for oneself) to become what we are not, whether a Rockefeller, or a Schweitzer, or a Sartre, that we properly feel ourselves to exist at all. The characteristic Socialist insistence that private ambition is destructive of the interests of others seems to Liberals to be true only of a minority of such ambitions, and it is this destructive minority that Liberal theories of the social contract have tried to isolate and condemn. But to argue, as Socialists tend to do, that a motive must be evil because it is selfish is to make an unsupported assertion in violent contradiction of ordinary experience, and to argue from a minority of ambitions (the dictator's, the monopolist's, the thief's) that all selfish ambitions are destructive to society is to generalize from an absurdly inadequate sample. Is it really too extreme, in the light of the Liberal's reverence for the human person as he exists, to condemn those who wish to remake him in some extra-terrestrial image as prigs and busybodies, as stuffy and precious? Mr. Grimond's language seems to me restrained. We live, after all, in the shadow of a great historical experience, the destruction of mid-continent Jewry, the core of the bourgeoisie in many European lands, who died miserably for their refusal to accept an ideal of wholeness (*Einheit*) and preferred to live for private gain. In the bitter memory of Liberals of the Fascist experience, and of the equal brutality practised in the Socialist countries of Asia and eastern Europe today, we are surely right to retain a total suspicion of all undertakings by political parties to improve by State action the quality of the race.

*Contemporary Commentary Correspondence***SCHOOLS AND THE STATE**

SIR.—With the air of a conjuror producing his masterpiece, Mr. Wiles charges that the voucher system which I advocate for financing school education (*Contemporary Review*, April, 1959), would result in more snobbery and segregation than we already have. Like the conjuror's trick, it is much less impressive when we see how he did it.

Mr. Wiles believes that snobbery and segregation are intrinsically bad things and that enforced tolerance is a far lesser evil. He overlooks a very important trait of human beings—that while gregarious and conformist at heart, most people like to be identified with a small and particular group, whether it be a geographical neighbourhood (the principle underlying modern town planning) or a stratum of society spread throughout the nation. To "belong" is vitally important. If we destroy a particular form of "belonging"—that is, destroy all snobbery and all segregation at school—do we not run a grave risk of creating a whole host of new fields in which people will attempt to "belong", notably through the wage packet and competitive ostentation in living somewhat after the style of America? Is the latter really to be preferred? For myself, the answer is "no".

Furthermore, there is a false assumption implicit in Mr. Wiles' argument regarding segregation. Schools catering for special groups—religious, racial or other—can only function under one or both of two conditions: (a) the local concentration of, for example, West Indians, must be quite considerable before a day-school can become worth-while, and (b) a boarding-school requires a fairly sizable minority of reasonably well-off parents to support it. Therefore, segregation is unlikely to be anything like such a widespread phenomenon as is implied in Mr. Wiles' criticism.

Thirdly, the fact that in the United States the ending of segregation in the schools is a crucial weapon for destroying racial tension, whereas in South Africa the educational system is an instrument for enforcing *apartheid*, raises strong emotive overtones. It does not follow that serious results will follow in this country from the voucher system of finance, still less the extreme situations found abroad.

Finally, even if in the event the worst pessimism proved correct, need such a possibility prevent a localized experiment? Surely not.

Yours faithfully,

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THE WESTERN STALEMATE

AT this juncture in world affairs it would be well to take a look at recent history and see how the present state has come about. At the end of the last war it was hoped by the Western allies that Russia, victorious in the war against Hitler, would concentrate upon her internal development and revive her country ruined by the passage of armies. This did not take place. Russia under Stalin had other ideas, and the ideology of aggressive Communism triumphed. It was thought in Moscow that the Western economic system of private capital, modified here and there by state control, could not survive the war and the reconstruction period, and would break down, leaving a free road for the expansion of Communism throughout the world. Hence the continuous crises with Russia through the years 1945/1950 which ended in the coming of the Marshall Plan and NATO. Russia had decided to postpone her own internal development and the improvement of the lot of her people and to concentrate on technical education, scientific research, armaments and making as much trouble as possible in Europe and Asia.

In the latter continent, as in Africa later, there were regimes arising which, fired by nationalism, were engaged in winning their political freedom against the opposition of the West. France and Holland resisted the change, but fortunately Britain with her more liberal Imperialism had evolved a system which enabled a change to take place and to keep contact with the countries who had grown up under her tutelage. In Asia, of course, there was fertile soil for Communism, but the new idea of the British Commonwealth did a lot to check the Russian plan for the expansion of Communism on that continent. So also did American Marshall Aid, that most unselfish act of a people of the New World who made sacrifices in order to restore the economy of the Old.

The young countries of Asia and now of Africa are inspired not only by a desire for political independence but by an urge to develop economically. They want to imitate the mature Western countries, not to be so dependent on them for capital goods, not to remain any longer so dependent on the export of food and raw material to the West as their principal source of income. They aim at reaching the next stage of their economic development in which they will not be so much hewers of wood and drawers of water, the stage which once the West was in but emerged from during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. This involves a colossal effort on their part and no small sacrifices, as Russia found when she successfully attempted this after the October Revolution of 1917. These young countries want, as Russia was forced to at the cost of survival, to shorten the time in which to educate a cadre of scientists and technicians and take control of their economy themselves; and this too in countries where literacy is often not more than 10 per cent. It took the West from half a century to a full one to reach this stage and these countries are now trying to reach it in a decade.

Under the circumstances there is a tendency to force the pace, to restrict private freedom and citizens' rights in the interests of the Great Economic

Plan of Development. The ground is therefore prepared for Communism, and Russia has not been slow to avail herself of this chance. China has gone her way but not Japan, while S.E. Asia is uncertain and India remains a nation of freedom under Nehru but with an economic problem which will be a headache for many years. Russia's policy, therefore, under Stalin was to exploit this situation in Asia by fomenting Communism wherever possible, to come to no agreement with the West, and to push forward with scientific development so that Russia would be in a position to terrorise the West into inertia by threat of H-bomb devastation.

Meanwhile the West has not been sleeping and has succeeded in building up a military situation which, if it could not ultimately stop a Russian drive with conventional weapons to the Atlantic coast, could at least threaten Russia with such internal destruction as to make her hesitate. The result is stalemate and the virtual impotence of the Western Powers and Russia to gain any advantage over each other by these methods. Both camps are frightened of letting loose Armageddon. For the first time in history weapons have been created by science which statesmen dare not use. The political consequences of this are great, and are resulting not only in the inability of the East and West Powers to act effectively but in giving the neutral states, which keep outside both camps, a degree of initiative in world affairs which they have never had.

There are several examples in recent years of the increasing defiance of the Great Powers by the smaller and neutral states outside the two camps. Tito would never have challenged Soviet Russia as he did if he had not had a large body of neutral world opinion with him, and if he had not reckoned that Russia would not dare to launch what might become a general war over Yugoslavia's attitude to the U.S.S.R. Egypt would never have defied Britain and Suez Canal interests, as it did in 1956, if it had thought that a nuclear war would arise from its actions. It knew, of course, that Britain and France were morally isolated in the world but it also knew that the stalemate between Russia and the West in arms would give it a relatively free hand. In another way India has greatly strengthened her position in the world because she stays outside the armed camps and preaches moral persuasion. Such a policy would have been impossible in the days before nuclear warfare, when the Great Powers could use force without fear of the greater conflagration.

What then can happen in the two great East-West camps since the arrival of relative stalemate? Things do not stand still, least of all in Russia. The coming to power of Mr. Khrushchev after the elimination of the various elements who in one way or another had been connected with Stalin has brought about a new situation. There is in a certain degree more freedom than under Stalin and there is some improvement in the condition of the people. But in the main the Communist regime is holding back the country in order to twist the economy still further in the direction of scientific research, technical education, armaments and prestige exploits like space projectiles. Meanwhile the housing conditions of Russia remain far behind that of Western Europe and America and consumer goods are very short. Modern garden cities, weekend bungalows, the popular car,

modern household appliances, common in the West, are rare or altogether absent. Moreover it looks as if the regime is reluctant to let them come. For if Russians lived like people in the West, they would begin to think even more independently in politics. Blocks of flats are easier for the secret police to control than a maze of suburban bungalows. In spite of sputniks and an enormous mass of engineers and technicians turned out by the Russian education system, Russia's economy is a siege economy, her agriculture, forced into the strait-jacket of the "collectives", lags behind industry, and the country is far behind the West in motor cars and roads. The Communist regime is holding the country back from its natural economic growth which in other countries followed the fall of feudalism and the arrival of industrial capitalism. Communism undoubtedly played an important role in guiding Russia out of Tsarist feudalism into a modern industrial system. It did this by suppressing individual freedom and in this way undoubtedly accelerated the process. But it cannot give up the system and usher in a free industrial consumers' world like the West without undermining its monopoly of power. Communism had its use for countries like Russia in the early transition stage. But unless it changes, it cannot satisfy the Russia demanding the mass consumption of tomorrow.

Can we look towards an international agreement with Russia which will make the relations between the two camps easier? It does not look as if anything important will happen in the near future. Long and tedious negotiations will doubtless proceed over this year and agreement on certain specific points may be reached. A trade agreement has been reached between Russia and ourselves. We want more exports and Russia wants more consumer goods, and within that sphere we can come to terms. It may be that tacitly and without a formal agreement H-bomb testing will cease. Any step further seems difficult for Russian Communists to take for they cannot stand foreign observers inside their sacred citadel. The Berlin issue is the most dangerous because it is hard for either side to give way partially without affecting the general principles that both sides stand for. Moreover, Russia can be relied upon to exploit any differences within the Western countries. The U.S.A. would rather not negotiate at all. Mr. Macmillan has done a good work in going to Russia and taking the initiative, but public opinion here is not as firm as in the U.S.A. in France and Germany. Our religious background and our movements based on moral principles have produced pacifists and well-meaning Utopia seekers who find a happy hunting ground inside the Labour Party.

Meanwhile we can also rest assured that Russia will exploit to the full the situation in the Middle East, where the Arab nationalist movement is fundamentally anti-Western and prone to regard Russia as the lesser of two dangers. The revolution last year in Iraq has given the Russians an opening in the Persian Gulf. Persia seems half isolated and the Baghdad Pact has difficulties. But there is another side to all this. Colonel Nasser has as yet last seen to what his anti-Western campaign can lead and he has begun to realize the danger of Communism to his regime. His neutralism is likely to be more genuine than in the past. General Kassem's regime in Iraq

it together seems a much more uncertain quality. It is by no means certain that it is going Communist yet, and it was probably sound, though risky, to give certain arms asked for by him. In international affairs one must run risks, and our oil interests in Iraq are considerable. Persia under the Shah shows that her ancient and proud people are not flinching under the new power set up by the neighbours. Her ever friendly neighbour, Turkey, is there to form the main pillar of a new Baghdad Pact. The most useful work for that Pact today is to improve the communications between Turkey, Persia and Pakistan, which are still very primitive. A Northern Tier of these three countries can be of great use. As always in her history Russia stops when she finds resistance on her frontiers sufficiently strong to invite caution rather than adventure.

M. PHILIPS PRICE

KHRUSHCHEV IN ALBANIA

PREMIER NIKITA S. KHRUSHCHEV flew into Tirana on May 25, 1959, on his first visit to Albania. The great honour was duly appreciated by the headmen of the pro-Communist clique of Albania: headed by Enver Hoxha, the Communist Party's First Secretary, and Mehmet Shehu, the Premier, Albania's Politburo organized a well-staged "spontaneous" demonstration on behalf of the Soviet leader, who was accompanied by Premier Otto Grotewohl of East Germany (on holiday in Albania), and Marshal Rodion Y. Malinovsky, Soviet Foreign Minister. Incidentally, while flying over Yugoslav territory on the way to Tirana, Khrushchev sent a radio message to President Tito expressing his "cordial greetings" and best wishes for the Marshal's 67th birthday. The groundwork for the welcome had been laid in the Albanian press. Significantly enough, the same journalistic output was stressing its warnings to the Greek and Italian Governments against allowing installations of North Atlantic rocket bases on their territory. In spite of the birthday wishes to Tito, the Yugoslav Government has been viewing the visit with a certain amount of suspicion. The hints of Albanian counter-measures against Greek and Italian rocket bases made the Yugoslavs apprehensive for two main reasons. In the first place, Belgrade is definitely opposed to any rocket bases in neighbouring North Atlantic countries; secondly, they fear even more that their satellite neighbours (Albania and Bulgaria) might also be equipped with such weapons.

In his routine speech, customary on such occasions, Khrushchev paid homage to the Albanian people—"a country that is not big, but big by its people's fighting spirit and courageous heart"—but said nothing about the reasons for his trip. Basically, the Soviet dictator went for the planned two weeks to the little satellite to strengthen the Soviet outpost on the opening Mediterranean. For some 20,000 Soviet-trained secret police had turned this satellite into a veritable fortress. Soviet experts had dug bombproof submarine pens in the cliffs of Sasevo island to accommodate 30 underseas begucraft, fortified and enlarged the Valona naval base on the mainland, and constructed a network of five airfields for jet fighters and fighter bombers. The growing importance of this military base had been shown by other

steps. For instance, on April 17, 1957, Moscow had released Albania from its obligations to repay Soviet credits granted to Tirana from the end of World War II up to the end of 1955 (totalling 422 million rubles) and agreed to assist the country in working out a 10-15 year plan for economic development.

The propaganda by the Kremlin, and the frenzy of last-minute preparations for the arrival of Khrushchev, featuring festivals, writing songs, and taking on new obligations to increase production as a welcome for the first visit to the country by a Soviet leader, could not conceal the fact that the people go about dressed in rags and are periodically tormented by hunger. The drive for Sovietization of the Albanian culture and way of life has been proceeding rapidly. Everything that had linked the people with Western culture has been brutally destroyed. Albania is the only European country in the Communist bloc which has no cultural ties with any free Western nation. Albanians are not even permitted contacts with non-Communist countries in the field of sports. Only in the last few years, after a decade of isolation from the free world, the Tirana regime has permitted a small number of foreign newsmen to tour Albania with so-called guides.

It is ironical that, on the other hand, Albania has cultural and educational agreements with all Communist countries, including North Korea, Red China and Vietminh, and yet, although located in the heart of Europe, it is prohibited from all contacts with the neighbours with whom she had lived for thousands of years, and is now forced to adopt the cultural and educational methods of countries thousands of miles from its borders. The same situation applies to the economic relations of the country. Thus in January, 1959, two agreements were signed in Peking between Albania and the Red China. The first was a five-year trade agreement, according to which China will send rice, silk, rubber and steel in exchange for crude oil, petroleum, and copper and chrome ores. What is remarkable about this arrangement is that China produces neither rubber, which she imports from Vietnam, nor steel, which she imports from the Soviet Union or its European satellites. A trade agreement which provides for the shipping of steel from Europe around the globe and back again to Europe is a typical example of Communist economy and trade. The second agreement covers China's loan to Albania to the tune of 55 million rubles. The promise to send minerals to China is another nebulous assumption, since before January of this year Albanian citizens had started "mass" prospecting for ores and minerals, encouraged by high rewards and decorations granted by the Government. The reports had it that farmers and other citizens were joining scientific expeditions and often go out on their own in the countryside searching for ore and mineral deposits. Meanwhile the Communist formula has been choking the last remaining vestiges of independent farmers. The number of collective farms at the end of 1958 had gone up to 1,935, cultivating about 75 per cent of the land tilled by Albanian peasants. While the Government was trying to speed up the total collectivization of the plains, the pressure in the mountainous regions, especially in the northern areas of the country, has had to be lessened.

The agricultural output continued in 1958-9 to be very low, a state of affairs for which the regime blames the weather. But the regime has been unable to answer the question: why there is never enough food for the people. A report issued by the Party Secretary, Enver Hoxha, revealed recently that during the 14 years of the Communist regime there has been only a two to three per cent increase in livestock whereas the population increased by 20 per cent. Not only the farm front, but the morale of the Albanian Youth, including the members of the Communist Youth Organization, is weak. A delegation of the Comsonol Central Committee of the Soviet Union toured Albania for two weeks recently, and, with the help of the Albanian Communist youth leaders, was spreading the message of "boundless love and friendship for the Soviet Union." In order to win over the disillusioned youth the Albanian Communist Party hired elderly contacts with people to lecture in towns and villages on the "bad old days," and to attempt to divert their listeners' attention away from everyday hardships, while the Tirana press has been trying to cheer the people with the prospects of more bread, meat and consumer goods by 1965. Compulsory delivery

quotas of food for 1958 had not been fulfilled, and the Party has been blaming the collective farms, and even certain government departments, for the failures that are weakening the regime's economic system. Overall production targets for 1959 have been set: agricultural output is to be increased by 26 per cent above the 1948 figure and industrial production by 17 per cent. Grain production in 1959 should increase by 65 per cent and reach 453,000 tons, for which the area under cultivation must be increased by 10 per cent to 1,088 acres, 95,000 acres of new land must be opened up, and past deficits in delivery quotas must be covered. This according spells only more work and greater shortages. It is not surprising that here or crude and there we hear about unabated underground and above ground resistance. The oil centre of Kucova has recently been damaged by sabotage, and the import homes of certain Communist Party members have been set on fire.

In spite of the "frenzied" welcome given to Khrushchev, his message to Tito must have sent little shivers down the spines of the Hoxha-Shehu regime. For on March 14 Belgrade announced it had formally recalled its Minister to Albania, since the Albanian Government had taken steps. The leading role in the Soviet-bloc campaign against Tito's regime. Relations between the two countries, which had been cool for years, have worsened in recent months. According to repeated assertions in the Yugoslav press, there is a Soviet-directed "distribution of roles" in the anti-Tito campaign, and the Tirana regime's assignment is to claim—as stridently and provocatively as possible—that Albanians in Yugoslavia are a "persecuted minority." This accusation has been hotly denied in the larger country, and other Albanian charges that the Tito Government has long sought to dominate its small neighbour.

Albania's pro-Communist puppets might beat their breasts in appreciation of the "honours" granted to them by the visit of their Soviet "brother." But the Albanian people are going to pay for this trip, for the Soviet headman is really only "The Greek bearing gifts."

JOSEPH S. ROUCEK

IMPRESSIONS OF BERLIN

MOST travellers to Berlin approach the city via Western Germany, and Western Germany in the spring of 1959 seems a stable, orderly but strangely quiet place. There is an air of restraint about it which suggests that the country's nightmare past is, perhaps inevitably, excluded from the current thoughts of the majority, but has at the same time not been finally eradicated. On the other hand, it needs a conscious effort on the part of the visitor to recall Belsen or Dachau, and it is perhaps right that this should be so, though unhelpful for the maintenance of historical perspective. The overriding impression from a short visit to the Federal Republic is of an intense, almost fanatical, concern for material progress, the extent of which no one can deny. In the Ruhr, for instance, or any town of reasonable size the scale of reconstruction takes the newcomer's breath away. In Essen, Dortmund and Düsseldorf there is a greater sense of space than in Britain's industrial cities, and after the first glance it takes a moment or two to realize that this is the consequence of the extent of the devastation. New town centres are, in fact, commonplace, and the Mohne Dam looks as though it was never breached. The fresh, bright lights—and what attractive use the Germans make of neon lighting—of a healthy Hanover are a fitting symbol of the revival of Germany in at any rate the material sense, and make an interesting preliminary to the unique experience of Berlin.

In Western Germany attitudes to the remaining reminders of defeat, the allied Western forces, vary from place to place in accordance with a number of factors. The proximity of the zonal boundary, the length of time during which the population have been in continuous contact with military forces, German as well as foreign, and wartime experience of bombing are the principal elements making for friendship, tolerance or resentment according to situation. In Berlin only the first of these seems to operate: there the widely held view—the official view—is that the allied armies are present as protectors rather than under the terms of any occupation statute. The threat of submergence is too close in the city for any other attitude to prevail.

Only the most insensitive person could fail to sense the drama of the overland approach to Berlin, and yet to some extent at the moment the excitement is artificial and taken in with one's luggage. A comparison with landing at dawn on a previously unseen island would be banal, but the effect is also rather like a sudden emergence into bright sunlight after plunging into a long tunnel, even though the outer suburbs of Berlin which one sees first—Wildpark, round the Wannsee, Nikolassee and Grunewald—are shabby and battered. In Berlin, unlike most cities, visual impressions quickly blend with other reactions to create an atmosphere. There is something impressive and yet oddly pathetic, for instance, about the freedom flame in Reichskanzlerplatz almost under the shadow of the enormous NAAFI building. It has apparently resisted hooligan attempts to douse it, and under it is the inscription "Freiheit Rechte Friede." Not far from it to the West of the Heerstrasse is the enormous mound of rubble dumped

from the centre of Berlin—a tragic memorial which is said to rise in height by 50 feet each year. Further out towards the zonal boundary in roughly the same direction is the elaborately guarded Spandau prison in which only three of the leading Nazi war criminals, including Hess, now remain.

The city centre of West Berlin has an air of somewhat frenzied or hysterical activity both by day and night. There are fine, well stocked shops in the Kantstrasse, Kurfurstendamm and other roads more or less radiating from the now famous ruined church. The larger stores and other modern buildings are a monument not only to the effort aided by the West since the war towards reconstruction but also to the confidence of investors since 1949 in the security of the city. Over the whole area blocks of flats are rising at a great rate, but it is easy to visualize the overcrowding which still prevails in this resort for refugees. To some extent this is a façade, for outside "the West End" the population seems drab, strained and physically tired. Wartime bombing followed by a "cold war" and the threat of another oppressive regime has left its legacy of prematurely aged Berliners. At night, however, the city has a new, but far from fresh, and not so secret face—a range of night clubs, bars and strip-tease shows, orthodox and otherwise, crude and sophisticated, which has the advantage for its clients, serious or casual, of being pretty well concentrated geographically. The effect, though this is easily exaggerated, is of a "close to the front line" atmosphere with all its implications.

Whatever conclusions are reached about the state of affairs in West Berlin, there is no doubt that it is alive, vigorous and not resigned. By contrast, except apparently on special state occasions, the East sector is a ghost city, largely deserted and dilapidated. Apart from the majestic—though to Western eyes uncongenial—Soviet War Memorial in Treptow Park, there is little in this part of the city to leave an impression of purpose or determination. It is true that there is Stalinallee with its rather heavy, and reputedly, ramshackle façade, and a solitary statue of Stalin. It is hard to tell whether the comparative decrepitude of Leninallee has any significance, and over all there has been much less effort than one might have expected to conceal the rubble and the ruin. Occasionally new blocks of apartments, made of evidently second-hand material, can be seen under construction, but no attempt has been made to restore, even in contemporary utilitarian style, the glories of Unter den Linden. Even the Opera House, though much frequented, has still a battered front, and students doing part-time compulsory labour on an area opposite the indestructible bunker site seemed to be making a reluctant contribution to the revival of their half of the city. In this context it was strange to see coach loads of camera-laden American tourists. To leave again by the Brandenburger Tor and see first of all the neat Russian memorial and its well turned out Soviet soldiery, and then to re-enter the clamorous "hurly burly" of West Berlin completes a strange cycle of contrast and experience. Apart from political curiosity, cheap (partly because of the exchange rate) gramophone records, flowers and fruit are the only incentives to visit East Berlin. To Western democrats, and no doubt to many of its own inhabitants, it seems

a sinister place; an impression which is reinforced not so much by the presence of Russian soldiers as by the ubiquity of individually malevolent East German police. It is a valid aphorism that a regime can be judged from the character and appearance of those whom it selects to maintain internal law and order, and no doubt this is a case in point.

Though it is easy to appreciate the embarrassment caused by the existence of West Berlin, and by the comparison which it invites with the other half of the city, to the East German regime the failure to rise to the challenge thus created is in some respects difficult to comprehend. West Berlin is indeed an island within the Eastern Zone—an island with effective free newspapers and radio stations with which to harass the unstable Democratic Republic. There can be no surprise that since 1948 3,000,000 people have left East Germany for the West. Over the period of ten years the figure for refugees into West Berlin has run at anything between 100, and 1,000 per day. At present 250 to 300 is the average figure, and over the last year 50 per cent of these have been under the age of 25. This is an indication of the failure of the regime to mould a new and docile generation—a task which may well seem impossible to its leaders when it reflects on the defection in recent months of 3,000 school teachers, 1,000 doctors and about 200 university lecturers. This threat of intellectual ruin is obviously a factor in the revival from time to time of the proposal to close more effectively the border between the sectors of Berlin—not only by road but also on the U-bahn and the S-bahn.

West Berlin has steadily in the last eight years reduced its dependence economically on external aid, and at the same time enhanced its position as a symbol of the right of peoples to determine their own future. There is evidence that the Berliners have attracted in this way the sympathy of some of the uncommitted nations of the world, as well as giving hope to unreconciled East Germans and perhaps to the neighbouring Polish and Czech people. To judge from newspaper reports those Germans in the best position to assess the prospects, notably Herr Willi Brandt, Chief Burgomaster of West Berlin, see the freedom of the city in terms of the continued presence of allied forces and inseparable from the German problem as a whole. Inside Berlin itself their interpretation of the meaning of any proposition to demilitarise the city assumes an overwhelming validity: after all, while the nearest point in the Western Zone is at Helmstedt 120 miles away, the Eastern Zone, in which there are reported to be up to 22 Russian divisions, begins at the city boundary. Such facts are comprehensible from afar, but vastly more meaningful even to the transient visitor on the spot.

WILLIAM FRANK

JOSEPH CONRAD AS I REMEMBER HIM

EVERYBODY who met Joseph Conrad for the first time was impressed by his courtesy, his vivacity, the brilliant glint of his deep-set eyes, and his strong foreign accent. This last used to astonish those who admired the English of his books, but they soon came to take it for granted; indeed, Conrad without his accent would not have been Conrad. His reception of accredited strangers was as gracious as his reception of his friends was affectionate, his laughter echoed contagiously, and if he dominated, as he did, any company in which he found himself it was not primarily as a famous author but as a man of magnetic personality. In fact, although he was quite willing to talk about his books in a superficial manner if questions were asked, he never mentioned them of his own accord and he had that sort of modesty which was above pettiness. He particularly disliked and discouraged people drawing comparisons between his work and that of his contemporaries.

Sitting alone with him at night, as I so often did, he would be more communicative, but even then it was the settings of his novels and the persons he had met on his voyages he would discuss rather than the novels themselves. His memory would flow back over the years, strange and varied as his characters and his plots, and sometimes one had the feeling that, as the soliloquy progressed, he was thinking aloud to himself and had forgotten that he had a listener. I grew careful not to interrupt those spoken reveries, for even a single word was liable to break the chain of continuity and bring him back with a jolt into the present.

Of course, if the time were carefully chosen, one could now and then get him to enlarge on certain aspects of his work, but even so there were depths one never fathomed. Not that he was touchy or superior, but that the creative mind has inevitably its voiceless recesses. Conrad valued informed criticism, though he was very indifferent to what was said in reviews of his books, and he once confided to me that, if anything, he preferred the bad ones to the good, as the latter always praised "the wrong things." But although it was not his habit to explain what he had intended to do, if one were reasonably intelligent he would listen attentively. When, for instance, I pointed out that such a man as Verloc in *The Secret Agent* would scarcely have used so uncommon a word as "hyperborean" and that it would have been virtually impossible for Decoud in *Nostromo* to have written such an immensely long letter to his sister in the time at his disposal, he agreed that I might be right. And when I praised the sudden employment in *Chance* of the historic present in describing the rapacious governess's anxiety to ransack de Barral's house without a moment's delay, as heightening the particular thrill of urgent, secret haste, he answered with disarming directness: "Ah, that was a happy chance." But it was not always such plain sailing, and when I said to him that it was not clear to me why, in *The Arrow of Gold* (dedicated to me incidentally), Rita left Monsieur George, his response: "Oh, well, my dear fellow, if you can't understand that, it's not worth discussing," was not lacking in momentary tartness. And I dare say he was justified.

During the last years of his life I suppose I saw Conrad more often than anybody not a member of his family, and perhaps I knew him as well as any man could. But that does not mean that I really knew him. No one really knew him, and now and then he would sink into a kind of brooding silence in which, one felt, he had passed completely out of one's ken. But he was the most considerate of friends and, speaking generally, was more intent on drawing people out than of talking of himself. For his old associates, such as Hope, Cunningham Graham, Galsworthy, Marwood, Garnett and Clifford, he had an abiding affection and he delighted in their company. The prodigality of his praise for the literary work of those he knew was almost Oriental, although I doubt whether it invariably represented his mature opinion. For apart from the sheer pleasure Conrad took in praising, he had his surface moods, and I fancy, for example, that his gaiety was often little more than a protective mask. I remember his saying to me towards the end of his life: "I shouldn't be very sorry to be out of all this," and I am inclined to think that, at heart, his attitude to existence itself was largely one of indifference.

But for its details there were things that passionately interested him. And of these, the art of writing held perhaps first place. He laboured heroically over his books, and seldom as he analysed them in detail for a listener, he would discourse with unwearyed enthusiasm on the authors he valued, such as Turgenev—but how he detested that other illustrious Russian Dostoevsky!—Flaubert, de Maupassant and Anatole France, pointing out wherein their greatness lay. English and American novelists did not appeal to him so markedly, although several times I heard him extol Dickens's "mastery of crowds," and he enjoyed the sea novels of Marryat and Fennimore Cooper, even if he loathed the special type of mysticism in Melville's *Moby Dick*. He admired the work of Stephen Crane, thought highly of Zangwill's wit and, talking of W. H. Hudson's style, said that he wrote "as the grass grew." As for his own prose, which so lends itself to quotation, he felt that every sentence of a book should be part of its total quality and was averse to seeing passages removed from their context.

For the life of the sea, which he had followed for 20 years, rather than for the sea itself, Conrad's devotion was profound, and he mourned nostalgically the passing of the sailing ship. If, as he told me, *The Nigger of the Narcissus* was his own favourite among his books, it was not because he believed it to be his principal achievement, but because it recalled his youth for him, just as the glowing beauty of *The Mirror of the Sea* was an idealistic, and yet faithful, rendering of days long vanished. He respected the precision of nautical terms, and if any one spoke to him of going to sea "on" a ship, instead of "in" a ship, he was liable to be sharply corrected.

Conrad's love of England, which was part of his very being, was matched by his love of Poland, his native country, but though I have seen it stated that, towards the close of his life, he wished to return to Poland for good, this, in my opinion, is merely fanciful. He often made remarks, as who

often as him. And of one's family, for his good, their wife he pre-take took his dying out of ence him. Sured for a authors various chance, elists him ools of e of phen son's which would from

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does not, that were no more than the expression of a momentary whim, and as he was just about to move into another house in Kent—he never liked living too long in one place—and felt that his span was drawing to its end, it stands to reason that it was in England he intended to die. But apart from all this, he would assuredly have told me had he seriously intended to settle in Poland.

While not involved in current politics, though quite ready to uphold his views with formidable pungency, Conrad was much interested in England's foreign politics of an earlier age. Old Lord Salisbury—he pronounced the name "Sal-is-bury"—was a figure that evidently attracted him and he frequently discussed his policies. He also read with avidity innumerable memoirs of the Napoleonic era, and the persistence of this study is shown in such novels as *The Rover* and the unfinished *Suspense*.

Conrad was an exceedingly generous man, too generous in my opinion. One morning, on coming down to breakfast, I found him in a state of perturbation over a cable he had just received which, in urgent terms, begged for an immediate loan of £250. On asking whether he wanted to help this particular person, Conrad answered that he would like to do so, but really could not afford such a sum. I suggested that he send him £50 and he followed my advice, but if I had not happened to be present, it is quite possible that he would have sent the larger sum simply to oblige a friend. But Conrad was like that. I seem to remember that when his gardener asked whether he had better not sell the surplus vegetables, Conrad was so pleased with the idea that he said he was to have half the profits. Spending virtually nothing on himself, he showered money on others. In conjunction with his literary agent, J. B. Pinker, he would draw up elaborate budgets, but he never kept to them. Indeed, he told me once that if he had £100,000 a year he would spend it all. In a sense, money meant nothing to him, but it was his joy to be able to express materially the innate lavishness of his nature. And how glad I am that the opportunity did come to him at last and that he experienced this final satisfaction!

The usual manifestations of the artistic temperament would have been abhorrent to Conrad, though, of course, like everybody else he had his idiosyncrasies, and he was highly-strung. But there was nothing of the crank in his make-up and if now and then he could be upset by trifles, his manners were those of a *grand seigneur*, his politics conservative if independent-minded, his dress was conventional, and he would have scorned exhibitions of conscious eccentricity. He laughed when telling me how Frank Harris recited Shakespeare to him with tears streaming down, and he recounted with animation how Bernard Shaw, on their meeting, informed him that all naval captains were mad, and how, perceiving the trap at once, he had replied that of course they were all mad, adding that on hearing this unexpected answer to his impish desire to shock, Shaw's face was a curious picture.

Although his books are full of noble descriptions of scenery, I do not think that nature meant very much to Conrad and I am certain that he much preferred the peaceful Kentish countryside to all the gorgeous sights

of the tropics. In his short story "Youth" there is a superb passage picturing the hero's first glimpse of the East, but he begged me never to reveal the exact spot—it only emerged recently, not through my doing—because, as he wrote to me, it was really a "damned hole," although the emotion it evoked was real. It was human beings that fascinated him, and the settings of his books, matchless in eloquence and beauty as they often are, were, in essence, merely the background of the unfolding dramas, just as his beloved art was the medium of their expression.

Conrad liked walking slowly round his garden, admiring the colours and, as it were, the trim orderliness of it all, but he had no technical knowledge of botany, and though he was fond of watching birds hopping on the lawn outside his ground-floor study at Oswalds (his last home, near Bishopsbourne, about four miles from Canterbury), I doubt whether he could have differentiated a dozen species. Indeed, the details of wild nature were a closed book to him, and if he made Stein, that appealing figure in *Lord Jim*, a collector of butterflies and beetles, even using some technical names, it is fairly obvious that this knowledge was derived solely from reading Wallace's *Malay Archipelago*, one of the books he kept constantly by his bedside.

I do not believe that Conrad cared more for possessions than for the money which procured them. The roving life he had led and the desire to keep his mind untrammelled may have had something to do with this, and he had no hobbies. He did not even possess a set of his own first editions until I presented him with the missing volume. His house was, of course, adequately furnished, and when money came to him he was induced by an artistic friend to buy some fine Aubusson rugs and suchlike for his drawing-room, but the idea was probably more to please his wife than himself. The books in his study were mostly volumes of the Naval Records Society, presentation copies from his author friends or paper-bound French works, and if all through the house there was an air of unostentatious comfort, nowhere, save in his study, was his own personality evident.

It cannot, indeed, be too much emphasised, even at the cost of repetition, that it was only people, combined with his writing, that really absorbed Conrad: humanity, and the manner of presenting it, mastered his thoughts and his energies. And it was his psychological intensity, linked to his imaginative power, that made his novels and stories what they are. He used to assert that he had no gift of invention, and there is no doubt that he drew upon his memory or upon the memory of others in depicting many of his figures. But beyond question he was, in the best interpretation, deeply creative, even if it was often upon a hint of reality that his genius worked like yeast.

In later years Conrad dictated all his books to his secretary, Miss Hallowes, the typescripts being heavily corrected in his own hand, and he considered an output of a few hundred words a day satisfactory enough. But when he was in his prime he wrote everything by hand, and his tremendous story "Heart of Darkness", which, with its 40,000 words, is as long as a short novel, was completed in a month. But normally he was

a very slow writer, squeezing every ounce of value out of his subject and his words, wrestling with his work as if it were a deadly enemy. Perhaps no novelist went through more mental tortures than Conrad, tortures all the more harassing as he was frequently, in the early days, in immediate need of money, and perhaps no novelist was more unswervingly true to his own theory of artistic rectitude.

Conrad had long been a victim of gout, and this complaint which notoriously frays the nerves, together with the strain put upon him by his creative efforts, added to his natural temperament, did, at times, so jangle his system as to make him rather demanding. Yet he hardly ever really lost his temper, though when he did so his eyes glared with terrifying intensity. But for the most part he was very easy to get on with, enveloping those with whom he was talking in the charm of his understanding sympathy and ready response. Socially expansive, he was at his own table the soul of affability and good cheer. He did not altogether approve of English cooking, although he valued that of his wife, to whose little book on the subject he wrote an introduction, and I have heard him declare, with jocular exaggeration, that to eat food spread with English mustard was like "swallowing a poultice."

On everyday subjects Conrad's conversation was sensible, shrewd and searching, and he was very quick in the uptake. Once when some friend, speaking of a notorious fanatic, kept repeating that he was, at any rate, honest, Conrad retorted, with telling emphasis, that the value of honesty depended on what one was honest about. On another occasion, when I argued that dogs were stupid to be so subservient to men, Conrad, with lightning rapidity, answered that one might equally call them intelligent because, having learnt that men were superior to all other animals, they naturally wanted to be with them. He was not to be caught napping, and had he been a parliamentarian would have shown himself as a devastating debater.

Conrad was no lover of exercise, but he was rather fond of motoring. When I first knew him he drove a somewhat dilapidated small car, though his competence as a driver did not impress me, but in his more prosperous years he had an excellent chauffeur called Vinten, and he used especially to enjoy being driven through Romney Marsh, where the little old churches attracted him. I accompanied him on several such drives, and I think that it was not alone the scattered buildings but the wide, flat expanse of the Marsh which touched a respondent chord: he hated being shut in by woods. The car he then owned was large but by no means new, and it amused him to know that it had once belonged to the Duke of Connaught.

Conrad's sense of fun, not always English, was keen and he was alert to perceive the ludicrous side of things. On one occasion I told him about a Prison Visitor friend of mine who, interviewing a delinquent in his cell, found him pacing up and down quoting Latin. This tickled Conrad, and he would repeat "quoting Latin" as if the incongruity of the situation was irresistibly quaint. Conrad is not generally regarded as a humorous writer, but when one considers, for example, the startled steward in that sombre

story "The Secret Sharer" or the garrulous, self-complacent Captain Mitchell walking innocently through the tragic web of *Nostromo*, one perceives how skilful he was in lightening an almost intolerable tension by minor but entrancing figures.

As I have already indicated, Conrad, in the right mood, would talk at length about the experiences of his sea-life, but never, within my recollection, did he discuss his early struggles as a writer. Perhaps the memory of those days was, on the whole, too painful, but there were two editors connected with that period, W. E. Henley and William Blackwood, for whom he felt a lasting gratitude. Henley serialised *The Nigger of the Narcissus* in "The New Review" and Blackwood serialised *Lord Jim*, the three stories which compose *Youth* ("Youth", "Heart of Darkness" and "The End of the Tether"), "Karain" (from *Tales of Unrest*) and four sections of *The Mirror of the Sea* in *Blackwood's Magazine*. I am not inclined to think that Conrad ever met Henley, though he declared that his acceptance of *The Nigger* was the "proudest moment" of his writing career; but with William Blackwood his association was much closer and he felt for him an affectionate and high regard which, whenever he spoke of him, as I heard him do on various occasions, was evident in the very tone of his voice. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he treasured his memory of this most loyal friend. It was not alone that he had come to his assistance when help was so vital, but that he and his London representative, David S. Meldrum, displayed real sympathy for his difficult position and warm appreciation of his neglected gifts.

Most of Conrad's days were spent in his study and he was an omnivorous reader. Of course, when a friend was with him he put books aside, and often, arriving late at night from London, I would be summoned to his bedroom for a long talk, where, after I had eaten the excellent cold supper invariably laid out for me, I would find him in bed, the counterpane covered with half a dozen or more volumes which he had been dipping into one after the other. He belonged to the London Library and could borrow as many books as he wished without cluttering up his house. He found this a blessing.

Those evenings in his bedroom were particularly cheerful. It was too late for Russian tea to be brought in, as it always was brought into his study by his valet Foote about ten o'clock, but he was free of all the troubles of the day and eager to hear any news I had brought or to give me any news of his own. For despite Conrad's complex nature, there was a vein of basic simplicity in him, and it was typical of his lack of pomposity that after he had been elected a member of the Athenaeum under its special rule, he still preferred to use the Royal Automobile Club, where I had many a chat and drink with him. Informal meetings of this type in which, as well as points of literary business, the trivialities of gossip would often be exchanged, seemed to soothe his nerves. He once said to me: "On the surface you and I are very different, but *au fond* we are alike," by which he meant only that we looked at life in more or less the same way and that therefore he felt relaxed in my company.

More than 34 years have passed since Conrad died on August 3, 1924, but, though inevitably many details have escaped my memory, the image of his exciting, warm-hearted, unique personality is vividly before me to this day. Shutting my eyes I can hear his voice in all the range of its modulations and I can conjure up his figure either huddled in his armchair, twisting his legs round one another and uttering an occasional "Damn!"; or standing with lit-up face to welcome me at his front door; or holding a roomful of people enchanted by his conversation; or propped up in bed plying me with questions; or telling me, in a pause of his breathless paroxysms a few hours before his death, that he was glad I was with him. How relatively little, when all is said and done, did we talk about his books and yet how swiftly the hours passed! Few people can have been privileged as I was to have such a friend as Joseph Conrad.

RICHARD CURLE

Mr. Curle is the author of *Joseph Conrad: A Study*, published in 1914—Editor.

VOLTAIRE IN ENGLAND—II

Pope's fame was at its zenith, and his praise of the unpublished *Henriade* which Bolingbroke had brought to England was music to the author's ears. He thirsted to meet the masters of his craft, none so much as the recognized monarch of English letters. Returning one day to Twickenham in Bolingbroke's coach, the poet was thrown into the water by the collapse of a bridge, and two fingers of his right hand were injured. Writing on October 28 as a guest of Bolingbroke, Voltaire seized the opportunity to pay his homage. "Sir, I hear this moment of your adventure. I am concerned beyond expression for the danger you have been in, and more for your wounds. Is it possible that those fingers which have written *The Rape of the Lock*, which have dressed Homer so becomingly in an English coat, should have been so barbarously treated? Let the hand of Dennis or one of your poetasters be cut off—yours is sacred. I hope, Sir, you are now perfectly recovered. Really your accident concerns me as much as all the disasters of a master ought to affect his scholar. I am, sincerely, Sir, with the admiration you deserve, your most humble servant, Voltaire."

Pope's only rival in celebrity in the world of letters was Swift, whose acquaintance was made by Voltaire when they were guests at the home of Lord Peterborough, the veteran of the War of the Spanish Succession. *Gulliver's Travels* had recently appeared, and Voltaire sent Thiériot a copy urging him to translate it. It would be immensely successful, he added, for he had never read anything more clever and amusing. "It is the English Rabelais, without his trash, very amusing by its singular imagination and its light style in addition to being a satire on human nature." Thiériot, though a lover of literature, was a notorious idler, and a translation

soon appeared by another hand. In a letter of introduction to the Foreign Minister, Comte de Morville, Voltaire described Swift as "an ornament of the nation you esteem and one of the most extraordinary men England has produced." That Voltaire's novel *Micromégas* was indebted to *Gulliver's Travels* is obvious in its title. Though he forwarded the second volume of *Gulliver* he did not urge its translation. "Stick to the first; the other is overstrained. The reader's imagination is pleased and charmingly entertained by the new prospects of the lands which Gulliver discovers for him. But that continued series of new-fangled follies, fairy tales and wild inventions, palls at last upon our taste. Nothing unnatural may please long. For this reason the second parts of most romances are so insipid."

Voltaire's only contact with the master of English comedy was less encouraging. When the visitor expressed his sincere admiration for the dramatist, Congreve snobbishly begged to be regarded not as an author but as a gentleman. "If you had been merely a gentleman," was the inevitable retort, "I should not have troubled to visit you." Gay, on the other hand, allowed him to read *The Beggar's Opera* before its triumphant reception on the stage. He also met Colley Cibber and was frequently seen at the theatre. He might have admired Shakespeare more if he had seen David Garrick's impersonations. With the author of *Night Thoughts*, whom he met at Bubb Dodington's house in Dorset, his relations were closer and continued longer. Though Young was soon to take orders and the visitor to become the *bête noire* of believers, their common interest in literature bridged the gulf. He revised the English version of the essay on Epic Poetry, and in later years dedicated his *Sea Piece* to his French friend in flattering terms. Voltaire also admired Thomson, not only for *The Seasons*, the most popular of his poems, but for his plays. "I was acquainted with Mr. Thomson when I stayed in England," he wrote (in English) long after in 1750. "I discovered in him a great genius and a great simplicity. I liked in him the poet and the true philosopher—I mean the lover of mankind. I think that without such a good stock of philosophy a poet is just above a fiddler and cannot go to our soul." His tragedies, he argued, had not received the honour they deserved. They might perhaps lack fire, but, "taking him all in all, methinks he has the highest claims to the greatest esteem."

Among his purposes in coming to England was the urge to secure the publication of the *Henriade*; and now, after the loss of a substantial sum owing to the bankruptcy of the Jewish financier on which he had counted, he needed help in high places, for how could any London publisher be expected to risk a loss on a French epic? The royal hero, author of the Edict of Nantes and on friendly terms with Queen Elizabeth, was *persona grata* in the land of religious toleration, where writers of merit were esteemed and the nobility were believed to be as generous as they were rich. The obvious method of approach to the ranks of patrons was through the French Ambassador in London. "M. de Voltaire," wrote Comte de Broglie in March, 1727, "is ready to print by subscription in London his epic, and asks me to procure subscriptions. M. de Walpole (Sir

Horatio, the British Ambassador) also tries to get them and will gladly help. But as I have not seen the book, and I do not know if the additions and omissions which he says he has made to the Paris edition and the illustrations are approved by the Court, I can't act without your approval. I always fear that French authors may abuse the liberty allowed in this country to write whatever they like on religion, the Pope, the Government or its members. Poets are particularly inclined to use this license, to profane what is most sacred. If there was anything of that in the poem I should not like to be reproached for subscribing and inducing others to subscribe. Please tell me what to do." At the close of 1727 the author moved to Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, a more convenient base for engineering the publication of his epic.

Voltaire was now so generally known that he could approach the highest in the land without personal acquaintance or introductions. "Though I am a traveller unknown to Your Lordship," he wrote (in English) to Harley, Second Earl of Oxford, "the name of Harlay (*sic*) has been for many centuries so glorious for us Frenchmen, and the branch of your house settled in France is so proud of the honour of being nearly related to you, that you must forgive the liberty of this letter. I have written and printed a heroic book called the *Henriade* in which one Harlay of your house acts the most noble part, and such a one you should be acquainted with. Having been in some measure educated in the house of the late Achille de Harlay, the oracle and a First President of our Parliament, I should be wanting in my duty if I durst not trouble your lordship about it and beg the favour of waiting on you before the book comes out." After this fanfare it is disappointing to miss the name of Harley in the list of subscribers.

Swift was approached in a flattering letter of December 18 accompanying Voltaire's only book published in English during his residence, the essays on the Civil Wars in France and Epic Poetry. "You will be surprised in receiving an English essay from a French traveller. Pray forgive an admirer who owes to your writings the love he bears to your language which has betrayed him into the rash attempt of writing in English. Can I make bold to entreat you to make some use of your interest in Ireland about some subscriptions for the *Henriade* which is almost ready and does not come out yet for want of a little help? Subscriptions will be but one guinea." Whether the flattering appeals succeeded in procuring subscribers we do not know. When the *Henriade* appeared a copy was presented through a third party. "I sent the other day a cargo of French dullness for my Lord Lieutenant," he wrote to Swift. "My Lady Bolingbroke has taken upon herself to send you one copy of the *Henriade*. She is desirous to do that honour to my book, and I hope the merit of being presented to you by her hands will be a recommendation. If she has not done it already, I desire you to take one out of the cargo which is now at my Lord Lieutenant. I have not seen Mr. Pope this winter, but I have seen the third volume of the Miscellanies, and the more I read the works the more I am ashamed of mine" (*sic*).

When the handsome quarto edition, dedicated to Queen Caroline,

appeared in 1728 it proved as successful as the author expected. Though substantially completed before the author crossed the Channel, it had profited by his residence in England. The list of subscribers included the King and Queen, most of the nobility, and many of the most familiar figures in public life. Every copy of the large quarto was sold before publication, after which three other less expensive editions were needed in three weeks. "Though the poem is written in a language not much admired here in regard to poetry," reported Voltaire to a French friend in March, "three editions have been made in less than three weeks, which I assure you I attribute entirely to the subject and not at all to the performance." That, however, was a *façon de parler*, for the cleverest writer in Europe knew his own worth.

The most substantial works designed and completed in England were his studies of the religious wars in France and of epic poetry published in a single volume in the winter of 1727. The former, a by-product of the *Henriade*, saluted Henry of Navarre as the champion of religious liberty and the restorer of peace to a land disgraced by the Bartholomew massacre. Though his sympathies were always with the persecuted, he complains that the Protestants, though free from superstition, tended to anarchy as much as the Church of Rome towards tyranny. To English readers the most interesting portion of the essay on epic poetry was the study of Milton, whom he greatly but never unreservedly admired: in *Paradise Lost* he had scaled the heights, but the subject did not interest him. The essay, rewritten in French, subsequently reappeared as an introduction to the *Henriade*. Though a diligent student of Shakespeare he preferred the Restoration dramatists and declared of *Hudibras* that he had never found so much wit in a book. In the last months of his sojourn he brought over a French company to inaugurate a French theatre in London, but there was too little support and the actors returned to Paris.

When the two essays and his own epic were off his hands, Voltaire turned his attention to the romantic figure of Charles XII and sought information from survivors of a heroic age, among them Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. After telling him what she knew, she is believed to have invited him to help her with her own Memoirs. On discovering, however, that he was expected to humour her prejudices a break occurred between the most dictatorial of women and the most thin-skinned of men. With Lord Peterborough his contacts were more profitable, for the veteran commander was the Duke's most efficient collaborator after Prince Eugene himself.

The second half of the English visit as mirrored in the intimate letters to Thiériot is as buoyant as the early phase was depressed by ill-health and financial anxieties. Most were written in English, because, as he explained, they might not be understood by suspicious eyes. On April 21, 1728, he begged his friend to obtain permission for the *Henriade* to appear in France adding that he would never send anything across the Channel without consent of the French Government. To Voltaire liberty of expression was the breath of life. "I heartily wish to see you and my friends, but rather

in England than in France. You, who are a perfect Briton, should cross the Channel and come to us. I assure you again that a man of your temper could not dislike a country where one obeys the laws only and one's whims. Reason is free here and walks her own way. Hypochondriacs especially are welcome. No manner of living appears strange. We have men who walk six miles a day for their health, feed upon roots, never taste flesh, wear a coat in winter thinner than your ladies' in the hottest days." He had found the system of ordered liberty for which he craved.

That the friendship with Falkener continued unbroken is shown in a charming letter from the latter. It was easier for the calm and steady Englishman to be at peace with himself than for the mercurial French genius. "I am as you left me," he wrote in December, 1728, "neither more gay nor more sad, neither richer nor poorer, enjoying perfect health, having everything which can render life agreeable, without love, without avarice, without ambition or envy. While that lasts I shall boldly call myself a very happy man."

Voltaire's range of acquaintance was extremely wide. He met Berkeley, but when Andrew Pitt, his Quaker friend, sent him *Alciphron*, an appeal to freethinkers, after his return to France he replied that he was pleased but unconvinced, an admirer not a disciple. "I believe in God, not in priests." More to his taste was Samuel Clarke, a disciple of Newton, who wrote on philosophy and theology. When they met the visitor was fascinated. "Clarke jumped into the abyss, and I dared to follow him." His favourite philosopher was Locke, "the Hercules of metaphysics, who has fixed the boundaries of the human mind." Equally interested in science, he met Sir Hans Sloane, President of the Royal Society, and became a member in 1743. He closely followed the Deist controversy inaugurated by Toland and carried on by Collins and Woolston. Among the ladies only Lady Bolingbroke and the adorable Molly Lepel, Lady Harvey, received his homage. No feature of English life attracted him more than the multitude of religious bodies, not indeed enjoying equal privileges, but all permitted to believe and to worship as they pleased. None of them appealed to his sympathies except the Quakers, who required neither priests nor creeds, abjured war and violence in every form, and were model citizens. The Quaker meeting, on the other hand, was not to his taste.

With the launching of the *Henriade* there was no compelling reason to remain in England, and in March, 1729, he begged Maurepas to permit his return to Paris; his poor state of health and fortune, he explained, were the sole reasons. "I promise to forget the past, to forget everyone, and only to remember your kindness." Maurepas sanctioned a visit of three months for business purposes, adding that his conduct must give no ground of offence. His appearance at Court, he added, must be postponed. Voltaire left England forever after almost three years. He had made good use of his eyes and ears, increased his literary reputation, enriched his mind and become a thoughtful citizen of the world. Henceforth British visitors were always welcome, and in later life he used to say that if he were not settled in Geneva he would prefer England to any other land.

English literature, science and philosophy were never far from his thoughts. He saluted Pope's *Essay on Man* as "the most didactic poem, the most useful, the most sublime, in any language." During the busy partnership with Mme. de Chatelet he compiled an account of Newton's discoveries. That the two countries were in opposite camps during the Seven Years' War made no difference to his sentiments. Never has our country possessed a greater foreign admirer or a more faithful friend.

To be continued.

G. P. GOOCH

THE LEGACY OF METTERNICH

"My physical portraits are not too good. As to the moral ones, they succeed even less as a rule in bearing any resemblance to me."—Metternich.

ON June 11, 1859, old Prince Metternich died, in all likelihood as he had always wanted to die, not in glory but in harness, in the midst of action. At the age of 86 his life once more coincided with a great European crisis. Once more the retired Aulic Chancellor was able to feel himself. Secret despatches poured into his residence; his old office at the Ballhaus asked for his advice; oral accounts and first-hand impressions were given to him on world events. Lesseps, on his way to Egypt to direct construction there, stopped in Vienna, although war was in the air, remembering that the first projects concerning an international statute on the Canal had been the old Chancellor's work, he wanted to discuss the matter with him. Marshal Ramon Nervaez, Duke of Valencia, the intermittent dictator of Spain, was going to Italy; he went some miles out of his way in order to call at the Rennweg. There survived the last and greatest expert on the first Napoleon; with whom else should the enigma of Napoleon III, so disquieting for Spain, be discussed? As soon as diplomatic relations between Paris and Vienna had been broken the Ambassador Baron von Hübner called on his return to Vienna. Since the Chancellor's fall Hübner had been his most faithful private correspondent; almost certainly he was as close a relation to Metternich as Count Walewski, the French Foreign Minister to whom he was accredited in Paris, was to the great Napoleon.

The Hungarian Conservative leaders, Count George Apponyi, Count Emil Dessewffy, the ex-Royal Chancellor Szögyény-Marich, made an almost daily call. Their hour seemed about to strike. The war was going to end the post-revolutionary era of the German "demo-bureaucrats", the Barons Alexander Bach and Karl Friedrich Bruck. Hungary's autonomy was going to be restored and a constitution of confederated autonomous provinces under the sceptre of the Habsburgs was going to be set up, in the

spirit of Metternich's reforming plans of the 1840's which the Revolution of 1848 had pushed aside. The Hungarian Conservative reformers had never ceased to see in the *Altkanzler* the true leader of their party. In addition the survivors of the old guard, the last living pillars of the "monarchical solidarity" of Europe, unseen for some time, reported for duty to their old chief: Field Marshal Prince Alfred Windischgraetz, white-haired by now, but all the more the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* of the Imperial cause, Prince Paul Eszterházy, the *doyen* of Europe's *grands seigneurs*, still an Imperial favourite, despite the huge debts of his London Embassy and his short presence in the Liberal Hungarian Government in 1848, and their younger disciple, the knight errant of European legitimism, General Prince Frederick Schwarzenberg. The militant pen of the new Catholic-Social movement, Monsignor Sebastian Brunner, kept close to the Rennweg; he waited for the opportunity to bury in the confessional some six decades of European history, received from the living mouth of the alleged principal sinner, in his last phase a good Catholic. Some of the famous ladies of the political world were still sending their gossip in secret messages to the Rennweg: Lady Westmorland from London; Dorothee, Duchesse de Dino-Talleyrand from the Swiss Alps; they now had a younger rival in the old Chancellor's daughter-in-law, Princess Pauline Metternich. Letters even came from professors, not many, but enough to prove that this international set was not identical with the "German fools", the old enemies of the "Metternich system"; Sir Travers Twiss, the Oxford international lawyer, Lord Brougham, the mathematician and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, took up the case of "historic rights" in England, against the new Bonapartism and the principle of nationalities.

All these daily discussions, this much too copious correspondence, all the nights spent at his desk, as in his heyday, the sudden resumption of the hectic life of long ago, quickly told upon the old statesman's health. The bad news from the Imperial GHQ in Italy, sent by his two sons, Richard, chief diplomatic adviser there, and Paul, a military staff officer, contributed something to his sudden end. His last regret was perhaps the one he had expressed years before: "It was my hard fate to be born in 1773, and not about 1900 . . . living in the next century, my task might have been the construction of a new Europe out of the ruins of the old one."

At present it is the European statesman we see in Metternich; slowly, but by now almost unanimously, serious historiography has begun to pay tribute in the last decades to "the great European." The "reactionary" is out of date. We know now that Metternich was brought up in the spirit of the Enlightenment of the Emperor Joseph II's era. He only turned into an enemy of the French principles of 1789 when he saw the bloodshed which they caused, and when he had fully understood that his master and predecessor, Prince Kaunitz, had built up a French-Imperial alliance—an alliance out of which a better Europe might have emerged if the Revolution had not destroyed it. By temperament the great "reactionary" was a Liberal; by his philosophy he was a believer in organic progress—very much like his contemporary Goethe, but if anything with a warmer heart

and a greater compassion for human suffering than was felt by the cool, Olympian aesthete. It is difficult to imagine an active statesman who had a more sincere horror of bloodshed and violence. He certainly hated the fashionable ideologies of his day, but only as abstractions. As to the disciples of ideas, he always tried to understand their human motives; a young Radical, such as the Hungarian Francis Pulszky, was astonished at the patience and the humour with which the old Aulic Chancellor listened to his views—although Metternich saw rebellion in theological terms as a manifestation of original sin.

The current Liberal ideas he despised because he thought them superficial and ephemeral. Social revolutionary and subversive prophecies he took infinitely more seriously. He was perhaps the first political mind to envisage them as a rival religion, as a sort of inverted Christianity, and his return in old age to serious Catholic thought and practice was hastened by his wish to beat the enemy in his own—mystical—field.

He feared democracy because in France and Germany he thought that it was inseparable from nationalism. The federal principle of America and Switzerland, on the other hand, greatly appealed to his mind, and towards the latter phase of his long career he felt certain that Europe would have to follow a similar pattern, although neither the large-scale American nor the small-scale Swiss example was in his view fully applicable to the Continent.

Metternich struggled against his time, but not as a "medieval obscurantist" or a champion of strict monarchical legitimism; in his political testament in 1847 he very emphatically dissociates his cause from that of the French Legitimists and the "extreme Right." He was an eighteenth century rationalist, a man of the European Enlightenment, engaged in a struggle against the romantic mood of the early nineteenth century and against the romantic trend of nationalist movements. He was not an enemy of every constitutional government, but only of "constitutionalism" as a dogma, just as he was an enemy of "isms" in general. Where he saw genuine constitutions, developed in the course of history, as in Hungary, he tried to govern constitutionally, especially as he was fully aware of the drawbacks of government centralization and bureaucracy, and to no small degree he attributed the French catastrophe of 1789 to the absence of an independent *élite*. In his view the French Revolution frightened the rulers of Europe away from truly salutary political and social reforms for which the time was ripe. He was never an enemy of these humanitarian reforms, although he was not an enthusiastic partisan of them either, for enthusiasm was not in his temperament. His Conservative philosophy consisted of an attitude to politics and a method in government rather than of concrete aims, just as his cautious but sincerely Liberal views were more the expression of an inclination than a doctrine or a programme. He felt that political liberties can lead in certain moments to the curtailment of personal freedom, and he believed in personal freedom more than in political doctrine, perhaps with an excessive individualism. It was in the more restricted field of diplomacy, rather than in general politics, that Metternich

had definite aims. He wanted a federally constituted Germany. This was the true and natural constitution of Germany, composed as it is of states varying in size and character. In this Germany he saw the future principle of the whole of Europe, and the very essence of Western civilization. He believed in the necessity of a Danubian central power, strong and independent enough to hold the balance between the West and the still growing and expanding Russian power, which, despite the Austro-Russian alliance—"Holy Alliance" he thought a *sobriquet*—he never saw without misgivings.

A whole century combined its forces, from Prussian Generals to Russian revolutionaries, to destroy Metternich's Europe, to sweep away the Conservative European element of the Russian state, to destroy the federal basis of German civilization, to dissolve the Danubian union. Yet a 100 years after his death those "born about 1900" and later begin to feel a nostalgia for that monumental combination of wisdom and lightheartedness, of generosity and irony, of courage and cautious prudence, of firmness and elasticity, which represented the great Austrian Chancellor's statesmanship. No statesman was ever more dignified in his defeat, or more wise and moderate in his success, no statesman more humble and wise in his principles or more firm in them at critical moments.

The historiography of the Risorgimento and the Prussian-inspired nationalism of Treitschke left us a distorted picture of Metternich which time has corrected in almost every detail. No trace remains of Bismarck's Prussian Reich. As to Cavour's Italy it failed to achieve the plausible and legitimate aims of the Italians in the last century. They hoped for an Italy which would no more be a battlefield for foreign powers. In 1943/4, in addition to German and French troops used for centuries in campaigns on Italian soil, there were British and American divisions there, while in the form of Partisan units the Russian power made its appearance in Italy. It could be thought that Metternich was not so wrong to think that Italy could be worse off than in a permanent combination with other powers; while 20 years of provocation and sanguinary demagogry may have convinced some people that he was not entirely wrong concerning national-revolutionary secret societies. France in Algeria and Britain in Cyprus and elsewhere have known problems similar to those which faced him in Lombardy. The theory that he denied the existence of an Italian problem and never envisaged any concession to the principle of self-government is not borne out by the documents, which even in the last century could only be ignored by bias or bad faith. The history of the nineteenth century looked for some time as though it represented the failure of Austria and the triumph of nationalism, first in its Italian, then in its German, and finally in its Slav version. Now this ephemeral triumph belongs to the past. Our age and the coming one is more likely to find that there is something in Metternich's legacy, which is more valid and topical than anything in the slogans of all those forces against which he was struggling throughout a long and often painful tenure of power.

BELA MENCZER

A VISIT TO SOUTH AFRICA

THE town of Oudtshoorn, on the undulating plain of the Little Karoo in Cape Province, lies between two ranges of mountains, the Swartzberg to the north, to the south the Outeniqua, some miles from the shores of the Indian Ocean. The area is one of great interest and antiquity, the town itself situated on and above the bed of a prehistoric inland sea, a fact recorded not only by the water worn stones apparent on fields and roads, but by the rounded tops of the Red Hills, a smaller range parallel in places to the great Swartzberg peaks. An area of varying contrasts, the Little Karoo is always beautiful; in summer however bare, except for the low grey shrub which veils the red sand; in spring when its famous flora covers the surface with everchanging colour. Although at first approach the great sandy waste appears arid almost as the Sahara, belts of cultivation, corn, mealies, tobacco, lucerne, enclose picturesque farm houses among groves of trees, shrubs and gay gardens, poplars and cypress giving a strange Mediterranean flavour to the African countryside; an import perhaps of the early French Huguenot settlers. The prosperity of areas of the Little Karoo is easily explained. In 1925 the African Association for the Advancement of Science held its annual conference in Oudtshoorn. In his Presidential Address, Field Marshal J. C. Smuts accounted for the fertility of the district in spite of its many and obvious disadvantages. "Geography and climate," he said, "link Oudtshoorn to the arid Karoo, with an annual rainfall which makes agriculture practically out of the question. But in spite of grave disadvantages, it has become one of the most flourishing districts of the Union, and in our own day, land values have risen higher than in any part of agricultural South Africa. . . . This surprising result has been brought about by the beneficial contacts of applied science. The irrigation engineer has converted this semi-desert by nature into a veritable garden district."*

The results of this work are noticeable in many places. We visited one of the old farms some miles from Oudtshoorn, and a mile or two from the main road. The house, built by the grandfather of the present owner about 1855, lies among fields of tobacco, vineyards and ostrich enclosures. To the north the Swartzberg mountains and the Red Hills provide a lovely irregular background of changing colour; in the foreground a belt of open country, grass and scrub. Great eucalyptus and gum trees indicate the age of the site, contemporary with the house, the thatched roof and white walls of which suggest an English rather than a South African dwelling. Within, the rooms, ceiled with beams of split poplar, were cool and pleasant. The owner is more than a farmer; shelves of books as well as his conversation showed wider interests. A river bed, intended for a water supply but dry after four years' drought, has failed of its purpose, but irrigation keeps the farm lands green and fertile. Beyond the immediate precincts of the house, picturesque farm buildings, once the homes of the native workers, are now used for drying tobacco.

In spite of motor car and railway, many parts of the district are still

* Field Marshal J. C. Smuts, *South African Journal of Science*, 1925.

isolated. Prince Albert, a small town north of the Swartzberg, on the Great Karoo, is 28 miles from the railway, approached from the south over a pass between 5,000 and 6,000 feet; a track once negotiated with ox wagons in the days of the "Vortrekkers" and still hazardous in winter. Even today, memories of the difficulties of travel still linger in the minds of the older inhabitants of that region, for the present road, made by convict labour, was begun only in 1881. Before completion many of the workers had succumbed to the fierce winter conditions. "I have known only one road in my life time more dramatic," writes Laurence G. Green,* "and that was the 15,000 foot pass beyond Darjeeling that leads into Tibet. You can freeze to death as surely on one as on the other." Previous to the making of the road, the pass was merely a track for pack-animals. The remoter villages to the north were more or less in complete isolation. From the top of the pass wonderful views are obtained of the Great and Little Karoo, and beyond, over the Outeniqua range, the Indian Ocean. Even today the expert motorist drives warily down the steep inclines, where a gradient of 3 to 4½ ft. is to be met with in places. Precipitous cliffs shutting in narrow valleys, gradually give way to wider vistas. Here and there on the cliff face the openings to Bushman caves can be traced. Finally the road leads down through the pleasant town of Prince Albert among its dairy and fruit farms.

In his preface to the late Pauline Smith's† delightful collection of tales of the early settlers on the Little Karoo, Arnold Bennett describes conditions of a journey to Cape Town as late as 1913, "when the favourite way for the English colonist was to trek first to Mossel Bay and then to take ship; the voyage taking in good weather a day and a night and in bad weather any number of days. But to get to Mossel Bay the travellers had to cross the Outeniqua mountains, with passes of extreme steepness; the old Craddock Pass, abandoned many years ago, was so steep that the oxen would ascend the final slopes on their knees, and where the oxen could not get up even on their knees men would take the wagons to pieces and carry these pieces over the summit. As for the Dutch, the South African descendants of the historic sea-faring race would never trust themselves to the sea; they went to Cape Town by land, and the journey occupied days and days." This book presents a striking picture of the hardships, the charm too, of life in the vast expanses of the Little Karoo in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; the stern simplicity of the English and Dutch settlers, their self sufficiency in face of innumerable difficulties and grim isolation. As late as the time of the Boer War, the inhabitants of these remoter parts of South Africa were dependent upon ox cart transport over unmade roads, often mere tracks, the farms isolated from practically all communication with the outer world. The author of this book, the daughter of a local doctor, lived in Oudtshoorn in the early part of this century, obtaining, perhaps through her father's profession, an intimate knowledge of the district and its inhabitants which she describes.

Of a total population of 28,590, to quote recent figures, that in Oudt-

* Laurence G. Green, *The Karoo*, 1925, Timmins, Cape Town.

† Pauline Smith, *The Little Karoo*, Preface by Arnold Bennett, Jonathan Cape.

shoorn is but 8,682 Europeans, the rest coloured and native peoples. The proximity of such varied cultures to each other creates an atmosphere almost exotic. One hears more Afrikaans spoken than English; the coloured inhabitants use dialects seldom understood by their white neighbours. The Dutch and English people are friendly to visitors from overseas, welcoming them into the social life of the community; morning tea parties and evening gatherings for bridge or conversation are the most usual forms of entertainment. Included also, if desired, are visits to centres of social and philanthropic activity, hospitals, homes for coloured people and so forth. The Afrikaans, however, are apt to stand slightly aloof from their neighbours and English visitors. Although a town of evident prosperity and enterprise, the colour problem obtrudes itself at all times upon the stranger. Such is probably the case in many towns of the Union and beyond, but it is difficult to gauge the extent to which it impinges upon the local consciousness. The coloured of all races and mixed blood mingle with the white population in the streets and in the shops, of necessity, probably on sufferance also. In most, if not every, walk of life they are relegated to positions of inferiority. The new proposed legislation places these people still more within a system which recognizes few rights as of labour, domicile or appeal. Their future appears dark indeed.* Yet there is no doubt that they add charm to the local setting, with their picturesque clothes, and *joie de vivre*. This, in spite of the fact that they are becoming more and more exiled from the main of human life and privilege. Their mud huts upon the farms and by the roadside are a picturesque feature in the landscape. The coloured housing centres are isolated, many of them, from the rest of the community, but the more modern show signs of improvement in contrast with many of the older type of dwelling. It may be argued that the coloured people prefer to live with their own kind. That is probably true, but the fact is coupled with the sense of ostracism which is becoming increasingly prevalent. Education is not yet compulsory owing to numbers. Whether or not it will ever be cannot be surmised.

One of the principal sites of interest are the great limestone caves situated in a deep valley in the Swartzberg range. These, the Kango Caves, said to be some of the finest in the world, stretch for over two miles of explored interior, and are known to continue far into as yet undiscovered depths. Wonderful formations of stalactite walls, pillars and roof in all varieties of form and colour almost bewilder the beholder with their beauty and interest. These caves were nominally discovered in the eighteenth century, but were probably inhabited in pre-historic times as Bushman dwellings. Paintings of men, and a beautifully-drawn and coloured elephant, are still visible near the entrance, indicating, in view of the usual siting deep within the cave's interior, that they are probably modern examples of Bushman's art, as those of earlier periods are almost always deep within the caves, the artists themselves living nearer the entrance.

The Bushmen, largely exterminated by European settlers, are said to belong to the Winton and Smithfield cultures of the later Stone Age, carrying their traditions of pictorial art into more modern times. "They

* This is *Apartheid*, Gollancz, London, 1959.

are known to have once occupied most of Africa south of the Sahara, except for the heavily forested areas."* "There are, also, strong affinities between the Capsian cultures of North Africa and the later Stone Age cultures of South Africa."

The history of the gradual extermination of the Bushmen by European settlers does not concern us here. Today certain Bushman tribes, unrelated to those whose work will be discussed, are still to be found in certain areas of the African Continent. Willcox gives a detailed account of their origins and a valuable study of their work, illustrated by fine coloured photographs, giving many examples still remaining in the caves of the North West Province, Basutoland and elsewhere. In many characteristics, and probably in function also, it is akin to the paintings of Northern Spain and the Dordogne, but further study reveals differences in certain features and methods from those of Southern Europe. Human figures are a prevalent subject in Bushman drawings; in European examples they are much rarer, and the drawing and colour, fine as they are, in many respects are inferior to those of the Bushmen. Willcox is of opinion that "there is little doubt that the figures of animals, of which there is a preponderance, were used in the cult of sympathetic magic. They are usually found within the fastnesses of caves and difficult of access. The artists themselves inhabited the areas nearer the entrance."

Authorities on the subject, such as Willcox, the Abbé Breuil, Bluck and Stow, have given us much detailed information regarding Bushman art. "Certain facts are obvious and generally agreed. The parts of the caves where the paintings are found were not inhabited as dwellings—they were too cold and damp, and too remote from the entrance and, of course, completely dark . . . the art was not for public view, what purpose then did it serve? Examination of the paintings shows that many of them have been struck after completion, and others have darts or other shafts painted on them. At Montespan was found, modelled in clay, a headless bear to which the head of a real bear was attached. The body of the bear leads to the conclusion that the Paleolithic artist practised sympathetic magic; that his belief in the making of the image gave the artist power over the animal represented. This of course is a very widespread belief. It was part of the practice of witchcraft in the Middle Ages. . . . It is sometimes practised in France even today. It has been observed in the Congo forest in recent times." Willcox observes also "that had the protective policy towards primitive races functioned at the time of the gradual colonization of South Africa in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the Bushmen might have survived. Their, probably natural, reactions towards the white settlers led to perpetual war, and their partial extermination by the Voortrekkers."

Remarkable paintings have come to light in the Brandberg caves in S.W. Africa by the researches of the Abbé Breuil,[†] whose opinion in many respects differs from that of Willcox. He writes: "The cave art of France

* Willcox, A. R., *Rock Paintings of the Drakensberg*.

† Abbé Henri Breuil, *The Rock Paintings of South Africa*, 1955, and *The White Lady of the Brandberg*. Trianon Press, Faber & Faber.

and Spain is now well-known and documented, the rock paintings of Southern Africa very much so. Important as the art of the Dordogne and the Cantabria certainly is, the best of the Bushman art can well stand comparison. In some respects, for example, the depiction of movement, of scenes, and foreshortened attitudes—it may even claim superiority." Nevertheless he is cautious in regard to precise statement. "Although," he writes, "I share a belief that these" (the Brandberg paintings of a lady in white of undoubted European features, and her attendants, some, at least, in clothing and symbols suggesting affinities with religious cults of Egypt and Crete) "are definite artistic and ethnological links between them" (i.e. those just mentioned) "and the countries of Northern Europe, possibly a religious affinity also, I am nevertheless unable to state their exact relationship."

In conclusion, the extreme antiquity of Africa must be briefly considered as a setting for the recent discovery in that continent. Smuts, in his Presidential Address already referred to, expresses the view that "discoveries already made point to the possibility that Africa may yet figure as the cradle of mankind, or shall I say, one of its cradles." His remarks recall the find of the Boskop skull and implement a more recent discovery, not of man but of extinct fauna, the footprints of eight animals "which crossed a stretch of sandy soil in Basutoland 150,000,000 years ago, which are being transferred to sheets of fibre glass in the South African Museum, Cape Town." They are now there but not yet ready for exhibition. According to the report, "these tracks belong to three different groups—the common dinosaur and two others of which less is known—a mammal-like reptile and others belonging to the pseudosuchian group. These reptiles are said to be unique among the discoveries of South African fauna." This discovery may be a further link in the undoubted chain of evidence of the antiquity of the African continent, of which so much confirmatory data are being and have still to be brought to light.

EVELYN CLARK

BRITISH COLONIALISM

"COLONIALISM" has become a familiar term of abuse, particularly in Communist propaganda, which can occasionally find material to support it. After all no human institutions, however high their theoretical aims, have ever functioned perfectly in practice, owing to those common human failings from which none of us are completely immune. But was not the greater part of Britain herself once a "colony", and would any now deny that she benefited from that experience?

Modern British Colonialism has been to a large extent inspired, as was the work of David Livingstone, by the Christian sense of duty to further the uplift of backward or barbarous peoples; and the same spirit was not absent from the work of Spanish, Portuguese and French adventurers. Even the Asian countries, though their cultures were generally on a higher plane than those of the Americas and tropical Africa, had not shown any decided

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capacity to set up justly ordered communities. An exception might be Siam, which, significantly enough, never became a "colony."

The oft-quoted words of Lord Hastings, recorded in his journal of May 17, 1818, do indeed exhibit the spirit which has inspired the best of British colonial administrators: "A time not very remote will arrive when England will, on sound principles of policy, wish to relinquish the domination which she has gradually and unintentionally assumed over this country (India), and from which she cannot at present recede. In that hour it would be the proudest boast and most delightful reflection that she had used her sovereignty towards enlightening her temporary subjects, so as to enable the native communities to walk along in the paths of justice, and to maintain with probity towards their benefactress that commercial intercourse in which we should then find a solid interest." On the other hand, European colonialists generally, instead of undertaking that task in a spirit of due humility, have been apt to overstress the undoubted superiorities of "White" civilization. In the case of the British in India, and in other lands with perhaps more excuse, an extreme social aloofness stressed this attitude. I shall never forget the "leg-pulling" that ensued after I had been taken (a lad of 16) to visit a "native" family in India—incidentally a highly cultivated one.

Obviously if the true Christian colonialist task of "uplift" for those in any way backward is to be fulfilled, a due measure of healthy social intercourse, wherein our people could display the best side of their culture and character, will help the process. It can be agreed, of course, that there are limits in the early stages. Manners and customs, even of peoples with ancient civilization like the Indian, do not always chime with ours, and still less so do those of more backward tropical Africans. But practical experience shows that there are no peoples, taken as a whole and leaving out the perverts whether white or coloured, who do not appreciate high standards of conduct, and seek to acquire them themselves. As an educated Christian East African once said to me: "We know we've been barbarous, and many of us are barbarous still; but some of us are beginning to appreciate your civilization and culture, and when we show that we do, all we ask is that we shall be treated as human beings."

We Britons, anyhow the vast majority of us, are believers in a democracy inspired by Christian principles. Such a democracy does not claim that "all men are equal" in every sense. Obviously that would be nonsense. The correct Christian formula declares that we are all "Children of God"; but the children even of an ordinary human family are not necessarily "equal." We all have different capacities, as any schoolteacher knows. A Christian democracy does lay a measure of responsibility on each of its members and seeks to fit them all to be worthy to bear it. One of the main purposes of our own schools is, accordingly, to train young people through competition in the subjects taught in class, in sports, to appreciate those inequalities, and that without spite or jealousy; and later, through debates and discussion, to recognize that in human affairs, since there is always something incalculable about human nature, it is perfectly legitimate to

have differences of opinion as to the action to be taken, whether over political, economic or cultural problems, or even sporting ones.

Our policy remains to train up the young people of the lands still holding "colonial status" to fit them for the responsibilities of a free democracy. Let us see how this policy works out in actual practice, as illustrated by an account received recently of a secondary school for boys in East Africa. It has about 120 African boys organized in four classes: two Standard Nines and two Tens. (Standard Ten corresponds approximately to G.C.E. level.) Expansion is envisaged with expectation of 240 pupils by 1960, with standards rising to the level of university entrance. The staff includes Europeans, Asians and Africans (the latter with diplomas from Makerere College in Uganda). They are housed in a staff building with separate bedrooms for each race. School activities in 1957 included the organization and fitting-out of a new school library with 500 books, excluding textbooks which are placed in the class-rooms. It has prints of Monet, Degas, Van Gogh and Renoir on the walls. There is also an art room with examples of Pissarro and Utrillo.

An arts and handicrafts section was launched; and the British Public School House system introduced with the attendant features of decentralization of responsibility to house-masters, prefects, etc.; with inter-House competitions in, for example, elocution, singing, cross-country runs. Games and sports were also developed, ground being cleared for volley-ball, basketball, tennis and quoits and table-tennis was introduced; to encourage athletics, hurdles for high and long jumps, discuses, weights, etc., were procured. There was a quite successful inter-House sports competition. A football ground has been laid out.

The first concert was given. The programme included an English play; Swahili plays produced by the drama section of the School Cultural Society; with singing and instrumental music by its music section; as well as a three-scene dumb charade produced by the staff.

School societies were reorganized and amalgamated into three: Debating, Cultural, Scientific, the latter to include a photographic section. A visual aid section started in 1957 with posters, models and film-strip library, has already produced an improvement in the pupils' reactions and powers of observation.

"Hm!" the cynics will exclaim, "you are trying to turn these lads into British ones." Why not? How can you do better if you want them to become responsible citizens of a true democracy? Let there be no doubt about it: the lads do appreciate the effort and respond to it. To those who criticize the policy of conferring independence on the former colonies, and who seize on inevitable mistakes in justification of their attitude, we may reply: "Such mistakes are indications of our partial failures, but the growing pains would have been so much less in proportion to our success in turning out the lads and lasses to be like our own best types."

There remains one problem whose importance must be fully recognized. What provision is there for the suitable employment of those who achieve the higher standards in the education they are receiving? If suitable jobs are not found there will arise a discontented "intelligentsia" who will

become political agitators in a bad sense, in spite of the ethical background their school training should have given them. Some become teachers, others assistants in medical, pharmaceutical, veterinary work. Some take up surveying under the Department of Lands and Mines; others are absorbed in the National Resources Schools and in technical training. A number, after preliminary training, find employment in the railways and post office. Others, after commercial and clerical training, are absorbed by private business. The scope seems fairly wide, though there appears to be need to provide for the more ambitious and competent; a matter that can never be neglected or ignored.

It should be agreed that, in spite of occasional errors and, occasionally, some narrowness of outlook, British Colonialism in practice has not done too badly, and even strives to produce still better results. Of course when dealing with a backward people, whose reactions are often truly incalculable, there will always be legitimate disputes as to how fast the process of uplift can go; but that is not the same thing as the un-Christian denial that "uplift" is possible, and that the "native" must always be looked upon as inferior. British colonial policy now denies any such implications. Even the social aloofness of the nineteenth century has been decidedly modified. That this has been appreciated is indicated by that remarkable Christian-Democratic institution the British Commonwealth, now receiving the voluntary adherence of the former "colonies" as they achieve their independent status, with the rest looking forward to the same advance. It is all a remarkable tribute to "British Colonialism." A. S. ELWELL-SUTTON

THE ROYAL FAMILY AND AGRICULTURE

EVER since the time of King George III it has been customary for British agriculturists to regard members of the Royal family as representative of "The First Farmers in the Land," and as the summer season of shows and other events approaches preparations for a number of Royal visits are well in hand. This year, London will be the scene of the 15th International Dairy Congress from June 29 to July 3, and it is anticipated that some 3,000 people, including delegates from all parts of the world, will be present at the opening ceremony. The Queen has consented to be patron and Prince Philip will be president, an office he has already filled with distinction for such organizations as the Royal Agricultural Society of England, the British Dairy Farmers' Association (which promotes the London Dairy Show) and the Smithfield Club, responsible for the world's most famous fat stock show, in 1957. As he showed two years ago, for him to be president of any body means taking an active interest in all that goes on. The following week, when the Royal Agricultural Society of England promotes its annual show at Oxford, the Princess Royal, a past President of the Society, is to plant a tree to commemorate the site of the first Royal show, now occupied by Mansfield College, in 1839.

The importance of these links is accentuated by the fact that today the members of the Royal Family are themselves actively concerned with

farming. At Windsor we have, of course, the Royal farms, and in recent weeks a boar from the herd of pigs kept there has been awarded first prize in one of the biggest sire performance tests in the country. The Queen has also comprehensive schemes of agriculture being carried out at her estates at Sandringham and Balmoral. In addition, the Duke of Gloucester maintains a herd of Guernsey cattle at Barnwell Manor, in Northamptonshire, and the Princess Royal carries out an intensive farming programme at Harewood in Yorkshire. Ever since the Royal Family became linked with Windsor Castle and the adjoining parklands towards the close of the eleventh century there have been farms of a kind there, but it was George III who first instituted the real ties between the Throne and the land. Indeed, so keen was he on his agricultural activities that he became known throughout the country as "Farmer George." Turning to Windsor Great Park, which was incorporated in a Royal deer forest, he carried out a programme of reclamation which enabled 1,500 acres of land to be put to productive use. The area, composed of heath and bog, would have presented problems to the modern reclaimer, aided as he is by present-day mechanical aids; but by the use of oxen and hand-labour the task was accomplished and two new farms—Norfolk and Flemish, called from the types of husbandry practised at the time—were created. In addition, he had a farm in Kew Park, and fondly hoped his sons would follow in his traditions by making them do much of the work there, but this had the adverse effect. They grew up with a profound dislike of things agricultural.

Today, Norfolk Farm is administered by the Commissioners of Crown Lands, with Prince Philip as Ranger of the Great Park, and while some wheat is grown for sale, the land is mainly devoted to the production of milk, beef and bacon. British Friesian cattle are kept and, in addition to the milking herd, some 200 beef steers are reared each year. The pigs are of the Wessex Saddleback breed, producing breeding females for sale and baconers for the factory. The Royal farms, which are farmed by the Queen as Sovereign, are nearer the Castle, they consist of the Royal Dairy Farm (originally the Home Farm and later known as Prince Consort's Farm) and Shaw's Farm, which was bought^{*} from a Frenchman, M. de Shawe, in the eighteenth century and is now rented from the Commissioners by the Queen. As productive units their story really commences in the reign of Queen Victoria, when the Prince Consort became actively interested in agriculture and determined that they should occupy a place of eminence in the farming life of the country. Both were apparently in a state of neglect, for little seems to have been done after the time of George III. A contemporary report tells us that the Home Farm "presented a most ruinous appearance and the buildings are often compared to the homesteads of the worst parts of Ireland." Today, the majority of the buildings in use at the Royal Farms are those renovated by the Prince Consort, and it speaks much for his foresight in planning that they have proved capable of being adapted for modern husbandry with very little in the way of capital outlay. There is, however, one section of the Royal Dairy Farm allowed to remain entirely as the Prince Consort made it, the original dairy which

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may be regarded as the only "museum piece" on the Queen's farms. This was built in 1858 and is a model of ingenuity, for in those days before refrigeration the effects of summer heat and winter cold were controlled by having tables of Devonshire and Belgian marble, tiled floor, hollow walls faced with tiles designed by Wedgwood, insulated roof and double windows. In addition three fountains, brought from the Great Exhibition, supplied water to a system of gulleys and reservoirs under the tables. All these can be seen today, as well as the hand skimming cream pans and cream jugs which were used in the days of Queen Victoria. By contrast, the smaller modern dairy, which adjoins the older one, is far less ornate but thoroughly up to date.

King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales and as Sovereign, continued to increase the efficiency of the Windsor Farms, and both his son, King George V, and grandson, King George VI, showed the greatest interest in it. The latter instituted what might be called the modern policy of the Royal farms when, a year or so before he died, he called in Mr. Frank Sykes, a well-known Wiltshire farmer, to advise as to how they could best carry out their function as "home farms" to supply the Royal palaces and household, and, at the same time, be run on sound commercial lines.

Such is the function the Royal farms at Windsor still fulfil. A herd of Ayrshires has been established at Shaw's Farm, and the herd of Jerseys, founded 100 years ago, is maintained at the Royal Dairy Farm. At both farms the old cattle feeding yards erected by the Prince Consort are being used, and because of this all the animals in the Queen's herds at Windsor are de-horned.

At Sandringham, where the Queen farms some 2,500 acres of her private 15,000 acre estate, the story is somewhat different, for the responsibilities of the "Home Farm" are lighter and there is a greater opportunity for indulging in arable farming and the breeding of different types of pedigree stock. Even so, the emphasis is on running the estate farms on strictly commercial lines. Cambridge University carries out farm costings, and full use is made of such aids to improved production as the recording of all milk yields and pig litter testing. The links between the Royal Family and Norfolk farming started in 1873 when, as Prince of Wales, the future Edward VII, bought the Sandringham estate from the Hon. Mr. Cooper and was able to pursue his agricultural interest on the lands adjoining the house. Since then both his son and grandson have been "Squires of Sandringham," and the present Queen and her consort continue the family traditions. The Sandringham farms consist of the main block—the Appleton Farm—which covers some 1,300 acres of land, and a detached block of about 1,000 acres, including 450 acres of silt land reclaimed by the late King during the last war on the shores of the Wash at Wolferton, three miles from Sandringham House.

The development of the last mentioned farm is typical of the lead which the Royal Family has so often given to British agriculture. Before the 1939-1945 war less than 100 acres of this land were being cultivated, but, mainly as the result of the reclamation efforts, the acreage of land ploughed had been increased to 476 before the end of hostilities, and today the local

rotation of wheat, potatoes, beans and oats is being worked with considerable success. The saltings, too, play their part in current food production and carry both beef cattle and sheep. At Sandringham, too, is the famous Royal herd of Red Polls, the breed that thrives specially well in East Anglia. Although the Red Polls are maintained on strictly utilitarian lines, here, unlike the other herds mentioned, some of the best animals are entered for the shows and have figured among the prizes at the Royal and other leading agricultural exhibitions. From time to time, too, animals from the Sandringham herd have been sent abroad.

It has been said that in late years Prince Philip, who undertakes much of the supervision of the Sandringham farms on the Queen's behalf, has given Sandringham the slogan: "What you can't cultivate—plant," a slogan based on his enthusiasm for afforestation. Former years had seen the Sandringham woodlands, which cover some 1,500 acres, managed with more emphasis on sport and amenity than true forestry, but this is now being changed. The existing woodlands have received a deal of attention, and arrangements have been made to plant something like 1,000 additional acres of heathland, useless for agricultural purposes, with conifers. Both at Windsor and Sandringham, the present farming activities are in accordance with the highest traditions of British agriculture; and in ensuring that the ideal is maintained the Queen and her Consort enhance the family's claim to being: "The First Farmers in Britain." SYDNEY MOORHOUSE

BLUEPRINTS IN NATURE FARMING

FOR more years than it is possible to imagine the sun rose upon a scene in which man did not participate. Thousands of millions of mornings passed, with vegetation and animal life in profusion, but it was only towards the end that man appeared, with his spears and ploughs, his giant cities drawing on every quarter of the earth, and his nuclear reactors busy toning up radiation processes that nature and the green leaf have throughout been concerned to tone down.

As time went on, some sort of rough control was established over certain herbivorous animals. Herdsmanship developed into regulated nomadism, and food-gathering into farming. Civilizations rose and declined, but the original natural commonwealth was never again to advance. Many kinds of human control of the landscape have struggled for supremacy, all at the expense of the dwindling wilderness. Indeed, it has always been more or less tacitly assumed that the process was to go on and on until there was no more wilderness left.

In densely populated areas drastic curbing of wild nature is unavoidable. In intensively cultivated areas, too, pressure on competing species becomes increasingly severe. Natural accommodation cannot easily be provided for the larger and more intimidating species, such as the tiger, the gorilla and the rhinoceros. In time, through various processes of attrition and erosion, the lesser fauna find their existence threatened, many of them coming within the range of the obliterative techniques of modern pest control.

The human population now stands at some 2,750,000,000. It is estimated

that by the end of the century it will have reached 6,000,000,000. Encroachment on nature's kingdoms is being accelerated to a degree quite unprecedented since the first forms of life crept into the sunlight. Already many species are finding it almost impossible to take the strain. The one-horned rhinoceros, in India reduced even with protection to some 400 animals, and in Nepal in alarming decline with no more than 35 estimated survivors, is facing extinction. The same fate threatens the Ceylon elephant, total reported killings of which over the past seven years have been more than 50 per cent above the annual increase.

California's last remaining condors are down to about 60. The North American whooping crane has fluctuated from 14 in 1938 to 34 in 1949 and 26 in 1957. Harassed by hunting, trapping, burning and scrub reclamation, New Zealand's flightless kiwi is in danger of following its near relative the moa into extinction. Also threatened is the giant panda, whose habitat is now restricted to a small area in Szechuan. In Madagascar many species are in danger, including two lemurs, the aye-aye and the indris, both "living fossils" of great scientific interest.

Once a species has decreased below a certain point, individuals are dispersed and isolated, breeding falls off, surviving pockets are emptied one by one, and extinction follows. And once gone, it is gone beyond recall. For even our present species have the most ancient of origins. Far back along the tracks of history are scattered the fossil remains of creatures which flourished and died out. It was ordained that they could be spared, very often because natural selection had groomed successors better fitted for new environmental conditions. But natural selection is a lengthy process. It can make adjustments to meet the slow advance of glaciers during an ice age, but it cannot cope with the headlong encroachment of Subtopia in this unprecedented technological age.

While nature protection will endeavour to secure fair play for a threatened species simply for its own sake, our main concern must perforce be how much it matters to us. It is hard to visualize a situation in which everything would depend on bringing the one-horned rhinoceros back, but pleas on the grounds of services rendered are apt to extend to the most unlikely types, e.g. the crocodile, now rated by ecologists as a useful species for its police work in tropical waters.

If being useful to human survival is not the same as being indispensable to it, just what is the difference? Or is there really any difference? The difficulty of finding the right answers is enhanced by the many complexities involved in framing the right questions. In principle we reckon to consider each species separately, but in the living reality separate species simply do not exist. Trees, for instance, are indispensable to man in many ways, whether directly through timber production or indirectly through flood and erosion control. But forests do not consist entirely of trees. A forest is a social organization, no component member of which exists in isolation. If we are going to preserve the forests, a multitude of creatures large and small will be thronging in as well.

It is at this point that the conception of man as a self-sufficient conqueror of nature begins to break down in earnest. Man himself does not really

exist—in isolation. Cut off from his intricate assortment of ecological props, from the great natural cycles of organic nutrients, water, oxygen and carbon dioxide, he would be finished within minutes. It is necessary to think in terms, not only of species indispensable to man, but of the various ecosystems associated with these various species, the whole spreading outwards in ever-widening circles.

Again, it is common to visualize a food crop as the one wholesome entity to be snatched brusquely and defiantly from an otherwise hostile background. Birds are against us, insects and weeds are against us, the very soil has to be peppered with chemicals to teach it who is master. Yet this outlook, too, is unrealistic. The soil below the crop is alive with living organisms, at rates of up to 200,000 to the cubic yard. The plot itself is wide open to everything that moves. The favoured organisms and plants can be separated partially and temporarily from the unfavoured, it is true, but against the clumsy violence of insecticides and weedkillers nature is apt to hit back equally violently.

That insecticides and weedkillers are creating at least as many problems as they solve is now becoming widely recognized. One notable development has been the decision of a big American chemical firm to withdraw from agricultural insecticide production altogether. The decision was not taken on impulse. It was based on 12 years of study instigated by the firm itself. "We saw the Louisiana cotton area welcome the new insecticides," they explain. "Today no cotton area can control any of the cotton insects with any known insecticide. From a position of losing part of their crop from insect infestation, they are now faced with going out of cotton entirely, at least until a natural balance is again developed."

In the absolute sense a natural balance will remain an impossibility as long as man continues to form part of the scene. But to achieve a relatively natural balance need not necessarily be too strenuous. If some toning down of specific pests is called for, it would be logical to encourage their natural enemies, and biological pest control is in fact making considerable progress in many parts of the world. But here again the limitations of countering specific pest with specific predator or parasite are encountered. It is the biologically rich community that possesses the most buffers against surprise attacks. No insecticides are needed in the tropical rain forest, though there is no shortage of insects. Many silviculturalists believe that the highest level of management is reached in the natural forest. Single species timber plantations are too excessively vulnerable, and it is the same with agricultural monocultures and vast congregations of livestock without inter-mixture. What is indicated is mixed land use and mixed farming, with fruit trees fitting unobtrusively into the general diversified pattern (as in France), together with the protection of such remaining reservoirs of wild life as hedgerows and verges.

Although fragmentation has attempted to establish man independently of the rest of nature, there can be no future whatever for man in isolation. Even his crops and livestock cannot be sealed off from that part of the biomass which is not under direct control. As a further step along the

road back to unification there is the move to integrate farming and forestry. In many parts of the world tree farming, in one form or another, is a thriving proposition. Another step yet, and we would have nature farming, and in fact going shares over the same land is what quite a number of American forester-farmer-naturalists are trying out jointly with nature. In one case worn-out land has achieved new productivity with wild game (buffalo have recently been brought in). Preservation of a species may in many instances resolve itself into management by incorporation, as is believed could be done with the red lechwe in Northern Rhodesia, where it has declined from 250,000 in 1932 to its present 30,000. Preservation in zoological collections, yes—though it should be realized that the first requirement will be a natural reservoir of replacements. Nature reserves and national parks, by all means. But it is in the world at large that the real issues will be decided. Each individual can impair or improve his own ecosystem.

ROY BRIDGER

HITLER AND NADOLNY

RUDOLF NADOLNY was perhaps unique among Germany's pre-war diplomats. The number of those who resigned rather than continue to serve their Nazi masters was larger than is sometimes realized; mostly, however, they were juniors whose disappearance meant little and passed unnoticed except to their colleagues. Various senior diplomats also left the service, von Hassell, the Ambassador to Rome, and Trautmann, in China, being perhaps the most senior. But all of these were dismissed; dismissed, it is true, because they disagreed with the course of Nazi policy. Nadolny, by contrast, forced his own resignation in attempting a showdown with Hitler. The story was known in part from the memoirs of Otto Meissner, State Secretary in the Presidential Chancellery (who owed his position to Nadolny), of Rudolf Rahn, who served with him in Ankara, and of Gustav Hilger, his subordinate at Moscow. Nadolny's own memoirs, published posthumously by his widow with the aid of his subordinate and friend Wipert von Bluecher, throw a good deal of new light on these episodes. Their author's personality and career appears even more singular than his rows with Hitler made them already seem.

Nadolny was an East Prussian, one of a family of nine children, the son of a small proprietor with ambitions. His family was old, but never noble, of yeomen rather than peasant stock. He joined the Imperial diplomatic service largely by accident, once his education as a lawyer was completed. He went into the consular branch since it was salaried, while the political side required of its recruits noble birth and private means. The consular branch was at this time an odd mixture of noble and bourgeois; Graf von der Schulenburg, later to succeed Nadolny at the Moscow Embassy and to be executed for his part in the 1944 plot against Hitler, Freiherr von Neurath, later Foreign Minister, and von Rosenberg, later State Secretary under the Weimar Republic, were among Nadolny's contemporaries.

Nadolny's great chance came with the First World War. He seems

already to have acquired a reputation as a trouble shooter. During the war he served as German Minister to the German-supported Persian émigré Government of Nizam es Sultaneh. Its end found him in Berlin in charge of the Russian department. In the collapse of Germany he was one of the few civil servants who kept both their courage and their judgment. Sent by Brockdorff-Rantzau to Ebert to act as liaison officer between the Foreign Ministry and the new President, he was asked by Ebert to organize and head a non-political Presidential Chancellery. From there he went to Stockholm and then to Ankara as German Ambassador; while at Ankara he was selected to head the German delegation to the Disarmament Conference. By this time he had acquired the reputation of being a difficult colleague and an uncontrollable subordinate, a man determined to forward the policy he believed to be the correct one to the point of complete recklessness for his personal position. Two factors seem to have contributed to this. He was, as his memoirs show, incapable of suffering fools, gladly or otherwise. He had a passion for straight blunt speaking: his memoirs are filled with examples of encounters in which he spoke his mind openly and directly without fear or favour to all kinds of exalted personages, examples he recounts with all the pride of a "Lancashire lad." Secondly, his war-time experience had given him a confidence in his own judgment and exercise in the practise of his initiative untrammeled by red tape or considerations of office opinion, which made him a difficult colleague once the pressure of war and revolution had been removed and the open avenues of emergency had closed again into the narrow twisting alleys of normal bureaucratic hierarchic procedure.

Thus when the question of a non-political Foreign Minister to be appointed to Papen's first cabinet as a Presidential nominee arose in 1932, the collective opinion of the Foreign Ministry, Koepke and State Secretary von Bülow was thrown against his candidature, welcome though it might have been to Hindenburg, in favour of Neurath, lazy, genial, generally sanguine and inclined towards nepotism and intrigue. Both Hilger and Rahn appear to have been pitied by their colleagues when they learnt that Nadolny was to be their superior.

It was the combination of those two qualities which was to bring him inevitably into conflict with Hitler. He first met his new master in 1932 on the insistence of his friend, the Nationalist deputy Reupke. He was not impressed. Their conversation took the form of an attack by Hitler on Nadolny for serving the "Römling", Brüning, and serving on the Disarmament Conference. Nadolny replied with the only clear statement to be found in German diplomatic memoirs of the limits of a Civil Servant's duty:

"I tried to make clear to him that as an official I had purely to serve my country, and that I could at the most refuse to carry out a commission if I considered myself unsuited to the task or if the commission did not agree with me. In the latter case however I must resign."

On Hitler's appointment to the Chancellorship, Nadolny's independence of mind inevitably brought him into conflict with his new bosses. He sent

two Nazi delegates to the Disarmament Conference back to Berlin in disgrace for hoisting the swastika flag in place of the black, red and gold flag of the Republic. He had a major row with Goering arising out of a report he made on Italian displeasure over Goering's tactless broaching of the Anschluss question during the latter's visit to Rome in spring 1933. And he had three major rows with Hitler. The first arose when he feared that he was about to make a speech which would provide the French with an excuse for breaking up the Disarmament Conference. It was during this row (and not, as Rahn says, before his dismissal) that he and Hitler each lost their temper and thumped the table at each other. He capped Hitler's shout that he had backed the right horse for 14 years with the claim that during 30 years' foreign service no one could point to any error. And it was on this occasion that Hitler, having met his match, was reduced to pleading weariness as a means of breaking off the engagement. Nadolny made his point however. The famous "Peace Speech" of May, 1933, was the result.

A second occasion arose at the Obersalzberg. It was again of Nadolny's rather than Hitler's seeking, a part of Nadolny's campaign to wean him away from the idea of *Mein Kampf*. It was during this row that the two men achieved the greatest measure of agreement, on the need for an entente with Poland. It may well have been this which turned von Neurath against him. Nadolny's memoirs show that the decision to leave the League and the Disarmament Conference was taken against his advice and without his knowledge and nearly drove him to resignation. The decision was taken on Neurath's advice, after he had carelessly risked accusations of unnationalist behaviour in agreeing that Germany should continue to be denied full equality of status in armament matters for a period of good conduct.

Shortly afterwards, Nadolny left Ankara for Moscow; the posting had actually been announced before Germany left the Disarmament Conference, a fact which makes nonsense of the story Hitler later told of Hindenburg's remark to Nadolny. Here he devoted himself to the job of trying to repair the poor state into which Hugenberg's behaviour at the London World Economic Conference and the Reichstag Trial had thrown relations between the two countries. In the course of his negotiations with Litvinov he visited Berlin to secure the support of the office for a final assault on Hitler's anglophil views. Neurath promised him such support, only to desert him when Hitler resisted Nadolny's persuasions. In spite of this, Nadolny obtained permission to put his arguments in writing, drawing up a memorandum in favour of the improvement of relations with Russia to which the State Secretary, Bülow, Gaus of the Legal Department, and Richard Meyer, the Jewish head of the Eastern Department, lent their support. Neurath suppressed this, and drafted a colourless document to serve as Nadolny's new brief. Nadolny refused to accept this and resigned, "as I regarded the instructions given me as mistaken and could not approve Hitler's policy."

Two comments are worth making on this. First, he was as much a victim of Neurath's duplicity as of Hitler's purpose. It must have been

becoming clear to Neurath that Nadolny's undiplomatic treatment of Hitler was in fact strengthening Hitler's opinion of him. There was nothing comic opera or bureaucratic in this blunt, direct and violent man. Secondly, his behaviour would have been inconceivable in a British or French official. Even a Vansittart or a Warren Fisher, two notoriously self-willed British civil servants, would neither employ nor boast of employing the kind of language Nadolny used towards Hitler. He thought as a German official to whom all officers of government in a republic were equally officials, whether elected or otherwise, and therefore his equals. Thirdly, it is worth recording Rahn's comment on him as typical of the best of those who stayed in the service:

"With a little more diplomacy in domestic affairs he could probably have defended his position. Looking back, this would certainly have involved him in the odium of complicity with National Socialism; but with equal certainty he would have prevented much mischief: instead of conducting himself on grounds which were morally and basically right, but meant that in practice he was removed from the scene."

It is a measure of the difference between the British and German attitudes to the duties and responsibilities of officialdom that we would reverse this judgment.

D. C. WATT

- (1) Otto Meissner, *Staatssekretär unter Ebert, Hindenburg, Hitler* (Hamburg, 1950).
- (2) Rudolf Rahn, *Ruheloses Leben* (Düsseldorf, 1950).
- (3) G. Hilger and A. Meyer, *The Incompatible Allies, German Soviet Relations 1918-1941* (New York, 1953).
- (4) Rudolf Nadolny, *Mein Beitrag* (Wiesbaden, 1955).
- (5) Wipert von Blücher, German Minister in Helsinki, 1935-1941. See his *Zeitenwende in Iran* (Biberach, 1949).
- (6) Nuremberg Documents, Neurath-8, Bülow to Koepke.
- (7) Norman H. Baynes, *Hitler's Speeches*, Volume II, pp.1041-58.
- (8) *Hitler's Table Talk, 1941-1944* (London, 1953).

HAPPY LICHTENSTEIN

WITH its sixty-odd square miles—of which roughly four-fifths is mountainous—the Principality of Lichtenstein is about the last real bastion of free trade, free economy, and popular democracy in Europe which has not so far fallen to either of those twin diseases, Parkinson's Law (or laws) and creeping or galloping inflation and the concomitant distrust of the Parliamentary system. How has it managed it? It last fought a war in 1866, after which it strove hard to become included in a customs union with Switzerland, for by an oversight it was overlooked when the German Confederation was broken up, and it remained independent. Though tied to Austria it managed to stay out of the First World War, and it did not really become secure till 1924 when it achieved a customs union with Switzerland, since when it has not looked back. It is a very pleasant arrangement for the Lichtensteiners. The Swiss man their customs frontier posts with Austria and receive part of the customs duties in return. War No. 2 turned Lichtenstein into an industrial country, since

when it has prospered exceedingly, and it is only now that the boom is tapering off and that industry is really becoming assimilated.

The monarch, Franz Joseph II, is a Habsburg and the fifth to sit on the throne since 1806 when it began to be run independently—though that independence dates in theory from 1719 when the Emperor Charles VI handed over a charter to the first of the present line, and formally raised the territories of Vaduz and Schellenberg to the status of an autonomous Principality. Now it is governed by an appointed Prime Minister—a Chief Executive appointed by the Prince on the recommendation of Parliament—of which he then becomes a member. He presides over a council of two members from each of the territories, and leads the 15 deputy Parliament which is presided over by its own President. The deputies are elected by general, secret, direct vote, though women do not have it. When I tackled the Prime Minister, Herr Frick, about this, his comments were short and to the point: "We do not speak about that here. Our women are not interested in politics, we have no suffragettes." There are two parties, split nine to six more on personal than political issues for they are both really conservative, though the Union Party (in opposition) might be said to be a little less so. They like stability, for the same party has been in power for 15 years. They also like commonsense, for Parliament only meets when there is work to be done, roughly ten to 13 days a year, but never in the winter sports season. As deputies are only paid 25 Swiss francs a day for attendance, this does not encourage them to meet too often, though they get through a phenomenal amount of work when they do. In December they passed half a dozen laws and a budget—all on the same day. All speeches are tape recorded, the official story being that the acoustics in the small Parliamentary Chamber are bad.

Because Lord Robert Cecil, Chairman of the League Credentials Committee in 1920, thought that Lichtenstein could not, because of its size, afford to meet the obligations of the League of Nations, it was not admitted. It keeps one legation in Berne, and the rest of its foreign affairs are handled by the Swiss—which is of great help to the Lichtenstein budget. It has no airfield—the last and only one was closed some years ago as it would have been too expensive to maintain, let alone modernise, while for a good train service one must take a ten minute drive from the capital to Switzerland. Where it scores over other countries however is in the administration—all 50 members of it in one building. This includes their 13 police, soon to be raised to 15 to deal with increasing tourist traffic: like the Swiss, the most unobtrusive police one could imagine. This total does not include the 70 postal employees, dealt with separately because of the postal union with Switzerland; or the 101 school teachers who come under the local village administrations, and after being paid their State salary, a housing allowance and a local subsidy are amongst the highest paid in Europe. It does not include also the handful of local administration employees in the villages, or the combination village policeman, process server, mayor's secretary. So the State is run by this handful with an efficiency much to be admired. Those I met were the most charming, courteous and helpful of

people, who made time for visitors and tried to answer questions. They run the country on a budget of three-quarters of a million a year, about 15 per cent of the country's publicly declared income. One says declared income, for the money earned abroad by Lichtenstein registered companies makes that total considerably higher. Though these companies pay few taxes, there is little doubt that they would do so if asked, for whatever Lichtenstein asked from them would be infinitesimal compared with what they would pay in other countries. It provides a flag of convenience not for shipping but for commercial companies. Though details are secret, the number of companies registered is known to be around 4,000, the majority operating abroad, and pretty certain of their tax base, for maximum tax percentages here are written into the Constitution, and neither a company nor an individual can end up paying more than 15 per cent. As an individual, you have to be a rich industrialist before you get near that total.

They have their own version of the Welfare State, sickness and accident insurance, widows' and children's allowances, and old age pensions. Employers and employees contribute and there is a State subvention. The main difference is that it is mostly handled by private enterprise. Indeed, the Government does nothing that could be done by other people, though where it thinks it socially desirable it will usually make its own financial contribution. Said the Prime Minister to me: "The State does not meddle in the economy, that's wrong. We concern ourselves with social matters, insurance, public health, wages legislation, etc. We have no special problems. When there are problems, we meet in my office to discuss them. We are flexible." One could see what he meant when considering the change that industrialization has brought. In ten years they have changed an 80 per cent peasant population into one 80 per cent dependent on industry or tourists—mainly the first. They have done it without social problems, and in the process have doubled their income since 1952 and nearly doubled their standard of living.

REX MALIK

Lichtenstein

THE EVENING THRUSH

Well may you tell me bird, the day ends so,
With the night's roost found before the evening's glow
Has left us; fold your wings my thrush,
Sing out the day, till wings of darkness brush
Your short notes from the sky. I am the fool
Whose breath grows warmer as the air grows cool,
I am the flight that folly wings to find
With the mind's eye, the morning of the mind;
I am that fledged, that optimistic clown
Veering to future suns, when night beds down.

Beryl Kaye

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MIDDLE EAST TENSIONS

The first of the 1958 series of St. Antony's papers is a collection of seven essays concerned with various aspects of Middle East affairs. It is a businesslike publication packed with scholarship and information. Albert Hourani uses his familiar analytical faculties to explore Middle East reaction to the Suez crisis of 1956. So thoroughly does he do his job that the reader is left wondering whether the whole affair really aroused the many cross currents and confusion, of loyalties and opinion, which he would have us believe. Nevertheless, the survey is a masterpiece of objective penetration. Professor Anne Lambton has a contribution on the part played by secret societies in Persia previous to the Constitutional Revolution of 1905-06. This will obviously attract the attention of the specialists and is perhaps too obscure for the public; which is, of course, in the tradition of St. Antony's college.

Of more topical interest is the paper by J. B. Kelly on the "Legal and Historical basis of the British position in the Persian Gulf." That some adjustment of our interests in the Gulf is overdue has been apparent to students for quite a time. Piracy, the slave trade, sea-power and the Government of India were factors in the past which are not reconcilable in the contemporary situation. More particularly we are aptly reminded of the periodic Persian pretensions to Bahrain Island. In 1842 the Gulf Squadron from India (erroneously, I think, labelled as a unit of "the Indian Navy") was ordered in the last resort to resist Persian efforts to land on the Island. At a time when it is suggested that British policy in the Gulf and our relations with the Sheiks of the Trucial Coast are supposed to be open to a new interpretation, it is useful to be reminded of the motives of the latter part of the nineteenth century which led the British in India, under both Company and Crown, to build up their position of protection without the rigours of control. Typical of the purpose of these papers is "The Source-materials of the Sudanese Mahdia" by P. M. Holt, when, without in any way defining the part played by the Mahdist movement in the last 20 years of the nineteenth century, every conceivable source of information which could assist the student to that end is recorded and given its allotted place in the bibliography of the period.

Professor Hitti's "Short History" of Syria, which is a compression of a former work, is in contrast to the technicalities and erudition of the St. Antony papers. Ancient history is set out in simple and palatable sequence. In the earlier chapters the author stresses the historical unity of the Semitic-speaking peoples; which only serves to emphasize the poverty of contemporary statesmanship when we turn to the tragedies of planning after the 1914-1918 war. There is an excellent and concise statement of the affairs of the Jewish nation at the period of their peak achievements, usually associated with the Golden Age of Saul, David and the great Solomon.

The book is singularly free from prejudice and invective, though naturally the French come in for censorious comment. In a work which could be regarded as a traveller's text book when we are once again free to visit Syria without restriction, one misses some assessment of the Syrian character, built up today on doubt, emotion, prejudice and fear; yet needing perhaps the friendship and understanding of the West more certainly than any single community in the Middle East.

BIRDWOOD

Middle Eastern Affairs, No. 1. Chatto and Windus. St. Antony's Papers 4. 16s. 0d.
Syria—A Short History. By Philip K. Hitti. Macmillan. 21s. 0d.

FRANCE IN TWILIGHT

The Decline of the Third Republic contains St. Antony's Papers No. 5 on modern history. The title is misleading. The four well-documented essays do not narrate the republic's decline. They are studies of episodes common to western realms during the Fascist tidal wave. Max Beloff surveys the problem whether the riots

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of February 6 were a right wing assault to overthrow the '*gueuse*' or spontaneous street demonstrations against parliamentary corruption. Stavisky supplied pretexts and recalls Panama. There was an official enquiry, coloured by officialdom. Professor Beloff concludes that Blum's charge of the attempted murder of the Republic was 'not proven.'

James Joll discusses the making of the Popular Front, the reflex to Fascist violence that launched the street against the Assembly. Private anti-parliamentarian armies compelled Blum and Thorez to seek common platforms. Daladier discovered that "the middle class and working class are natural allies." And Camelot roughs set on Blum during Bainville's funeral. So a Programme emerged with routine claims to defend liberty and peace, and bolder claims against the economic power of "the 200 families." While decrying bourgeois patriotism, Thorez and Cachin found that "by hoisting the red flag we have raised again the tricolor of our ancestors." Elections ratified the new alignments but the Communists enjoying advantages of victory refused responsibilities in Blum's Government. The story is vividly told but does not indicate the republic's decline.

W. F. Knapp has a study of the Rhineland crisis of 1936. Had the allies opposed this German occupation of German territory would they have prevented war and removed Hitler? Was inaction appeasement? Yet Germany had signed the Versailles and Locarno Treaties. Should the League intervene? Its founders had wanted it to be a moral force without weapons to enforce morality. Should Britain act? How reconcile French claims for security with German for equality? Facing realities, she signed the Anglo-German naval agreements. Although Consul Dobler warned France, she remained palsied. She had lost her élite trying to solve the Rhine riddle, suffered from the "*années creuses*", sought safety behind Maginot's line, and super patriots urged acceptance. Her evil genius Maurras cried "*Surtout pas de guerre*." So European hopes to maintain European treaties and League hopes to maintain League commitments collapsed. It was a symptom of Europe's decline not the Third Republic's.

"The Last Years of G. Mandel" by John Sherwood explains the tiger cub's career. Mandel continued the Clemenceau tradition. He opposed Rhineland's occupation, regarded Munich as a French defeat, and declared he would conclude a pact with anyone as long as it was against Hitler. So the Nazi "*Je suis partout*" shrieked for his death. War came. He declared we shall go from disaster to disaster until final victory, but although Home Minister, he was outmanoeuvred by that defeatist intriguer Laval who threatened to use the fact that he was a Jew to render him ineffective. Reynaud faltered and resigned, Waygand controlled the army, Marquet the police. Under Pétain men became ministers for reasons for which under Clemenceau they would have been shot. Mandel was arrested, moved from prison to prison—Mecknes, Chazeron, Pellvoisin, Vals, Portalet, Orianenburg, Buchenwald, la Santé—and Hitler sought vengeance on "the Jew responsible for war". Along the Fontainebleau road Mansuy assassinated him while making it appear the work of the Maquis—the official Vichy version. This well written essay recalls the republic's collapse. A connecting essay might have avoided inevitable repetitions in these scholarly studies of two tragic years.

VICTOR COHEN

The Decline of the Third Republic. Edited by James Joll. Chatto and Windus. 16s. 0d.

JAPAN'S AGRICULTURE

General MacArthur had his faults, and many of his actions while Supreme Commander in Japan were open to criticism, but for some of his measures the Japanese people and the free world in general owe him a lasting debt of gratitude. By his refusal to agree either to Vasilievsky's appointment as joint Supreme Commander or to the occupation of Hokkaido by Russian forces, Japan was saved from partition. By agreeing to retain the Emperor and the monarchical system,

Japan was saved from the chaos into which it would otherwise almost certainly have been plunged. By working through the administrative structure of the Japanese Government instead of setting up his own machinery of direct rule, the allies were able to evade many of the difficulties and much of the odium inevitably attaching to a purely foreign administration. Finally, by carrying out a far-reaching land reform, he deprived the Communists of what otherwise would have been their most valuable ammunition.

In his admirable volume, Mr. Dore, who has studied both the language and the subject at first hand, describes in detail both the benefits and weaknesses of the reform and shows that the failures are seemingly far outweighed by the successes. While regarding it as one of the most successful reforms carried out by the Occupation, he nevertheless very rightly emphasizes that, although most Americans tend to take all the credit for themselves, "the reform idea was Japanese in origin; it was not a policy imposed by a conqueror on the conquered." As one American intimately connected with the reform freely acknowledged, the principal role of the Occupation was that of "a midwife to a healthy reform which had been in its pre-natal stage."

In these post-war years of the cold war, it has become generally recognized in the newly-independent States of South and East Asia that land reform is one of the most essential bulwarks against the spread of Communism. In the case of Japan, however, the recognition of this particular feature of land reform only came as an afterthought. MacArthur's original motive was to remove the grievances of the Japanese peasants and thereby put an end to agrarian unrest, for he realized that it was largely by diverting these grievances to military adventure that the pre-war military leaders had been able to strengthen their own position and plunge the country into war. It was in order to prevent the recurrence of such a thing at some future time that he decided that the redistribution of land and the metamorphosis of the poverty-stricken tenant farmers into yeomen farmers owning the land they tilled should be a priority reform.

As a result, the old tenancy system has been swept away at a single stroke, the absentee landlord is a thing of the past, over one-third of the cultivated land in Japan has been redistributed, and something like 70 per cent of the agricultural population has been affected. As agriculture—"the foundation of Japan" as an earlier writer so aptly called it—is still Japan's largest industry and employs 41 per cent of the total population, the revolutionary effects of these reforms can well be appreciated. Not only on the living standards of the former tenant farmers have the effects been far-reaching, but also on agricultural productivity and on the social attitudes and activities of the agricultural population. Mr. Dore's observations on these and on many other features of the reforms are of considerable importance and interest—mainly, perhaps, to the specialist, but also to the general reader. Occasionally he perpetrates such linguistic horrors as the expression "holistic-individualistic dichotomy" but on the whole he is extremely readable and intelligible.

MALCOLM D. KENNEDY

Land Reform in Japan. By R. P. Dore. Oxford University Press. 55s. Od.

TWO NOVELISTS

In *The Novels of Henry Green*, Edward Stokes gives us an exhaustive evaluation that is also a little exhausting. With his tabulations and quantitative comparisons with I. Compton-Burnett and Elizabeth Bowen he dissects his subject rather than bringing him to life. Henry Green is a dedicated prose artist who constantly over-reaches himself and in whose later novels, such as *Nothing* and *Doting*, technique tends to become rather an end than a means. He ranges widely in search of people and plots—though Oxford, curiously enough, he found creatively sterile—but only the abnormal and untypical are at home in his, at times, Kafkaesque world. His characters "are simply unaware of any spiritual dimension." In this casual

aside Mr. Stokes explains without apparently realizing it why Green is so limited a novelist. A man unaware of God or gods may exist, but he is untypical of man as we know him in history. Green is chiefly significant as the novelist of hidden motives and interior states of being. He is an egocentric novelist—that is, his characters are egocentric—but he is not just a male and minor Virginia Woolf; an eddy, so to say, in the stream of consciousness. His characters exist on an instinctive level of hedonism or despair. One can scarcely call them failures as they have never really begun to try. Can it be that Mr. Green and his admirers take these feckless folk too seriously? "Compared with Angela, Julia Wray is almost literate, for she has the faint, evanescent charm of semi-idiocy." Mr. Stokes can write this without, it would seem, a ghost of a smile. One may doubt, too, whether Green is really so good at proletarian accents and attitudes as Mr. Stokes thinks he is. Who, not himself of the so-called "working classes", can write about them quite convincingly and without an "objectivity" that subtly conveys either condescension or the vivisectionist's attitude to the guinea-pig? On the evidence of his novels, not Henry Green.

We think of William Dean Howells today as a literary pioneer who turned his back on Europe in order to produce out of virgin New World soil a native American novel. But was Howells really attempting this? Professor George N. Bennett suggests that he was really interested in getting "characters away from their belongings" and letting a selected group of people act upon each other; that, in fact, he was more interested in personalities than nationalities. In a somewhat old-fashioned, leisurely way, not inappropriate to his subject, Professor Bennett gives us a distinguished biography of Howells that is also a shrewd new judgment on his novels. He writes illuminatingly of the advantages and disadvantages to Howells as a creative writer of his editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* and gives us real insight into the inevitably slow process during which he "found himself" as a novelist. In his analysis of the novels—of *The Undiscovered Country*, for example, whose religious element he believes to have far greater significance than most critics allow—Professor Bennett gives us a new vision of Howells' aims and achievement. He is stimulating on the relations between Howells and such famous contemporaries as Henry James, Mark Twain and James Russell Lowell. "No man" wrote Howells, "unless he puts on the mask of fiction, can show his real face or the mind behind it." Perhaps he wrote with more passion, heart-searching and profundity than most critical estimates of him suggest.

LUKE PARSONS

The Novels of Henry Green. By Edward Stokes. The Hogarth Press. 21s. Od.

William Dean Howells: The Development of a Novelist. By George N. Bennett. University of Oklahoma Press. \$4.00.

THE ART OF LIVING

A SILVER-PLATED SPOON (*Cassell. 21s. Od.*) by John, Duke of Bedford. Fun and games in Woburn park, with juke boxes in the milk bar and water scooters on the lake have fogged the showmanship of its owner with a prejudice that only the reading of his book can dispel. The publicity hound is here lost in the man, product of eccentric ancestry and neglected upbringing, who defies so resolutely the menace of death-duty millions from an estate of which he is not even a trustee. The needy inheritor's initial economic drive has been sublimated in his ever-

deepening love for the family home, and his wish to keep its treasures for sharing brims over. Here is neither bombast nor pomposity; it is the testament of one who simply likes people and wants to talk to them unbriefed by their half-crowns, of an unloved child who has found abiding happiness as husband and father. It is a triumph that this biography of a great house and long line of unattractive occupiers, written with no literary grace, should so replace scorn by compassion in the reader and turn something near distrust into a warmth as uncomplicated as the Duke's own.

Fairground antics cannot cheapen the splendours of the Abbey, and to understand the character and motives of the drummer is to forgive the bangs.

ENDYMION PORTER (*Chatto and Windus*. 25s. 0d.). Gervas Huxley spans "The Life of a Courtier 1587-1649" who faithfully served Charles I as a member of the Bedchamber. It was a varied career for the boy from Chipping Campden who first saw Spain when he was 18 and, learned in languages and the arts, became the friend of Van Dyck to the enrichment of the royal picture collection. "Poets and dramatists, too, found in Endymion their most loyal and generous patron and friend at the Court." Before he came to rest at St. Martin's in the Fields he had paid dearly for adhering to the king, "his estate being sequestrated for his said delinquency."

DONNE AND THE DRURYS (*Cambridge University Press*. 30s. 0d.). From the family papers at the University of Chicago, R. C. Bald traces the rise of Sir Robert and his wife—who gave their name to Drury Lane—in the favour of Elizabeth I. He also pieces together what it was like to belong to the gentry under James I. But "for the history of English literature the one important event in the lives of the Drurys was the death of their daughter Elizabeth" at 15, for she was the subject of a series of poems by Donne. The resulting friendship led to travels abroad with the parents, and the return to England when Donne became a tenant of theirs and subsequently a trustee of the estate.

THE ART OF LIVING (*Cassell*. 25s. 0d.). The four eighteenth century minds that F. L. Lucas explores belong to Hume, Horace Walpole, Burke and Benjamin Franklin. They come out of the scrutiny triumphantly, for the author has shown in his previous book how attuned he is to the period: Hume and Franklin appealing to him as "unusually rational, and unusually happy, types of their rational age"; Walpole and Burke because they are more imaginative, foreshadowing the coming Romanticism, the one keeping balance and realism and

the other increasingly mixing passionate good sense and emotionalism. As usual Mr. Lucas employs his genial humour as he points the conflicts between the old order and the new.

ANNE BRONTË (*Nelson*. 30s. 0d.). This study by Winifred Gérin of Ellen Nussey's "dear, gentle" girl is the second to appear recently. (What telepathic influences induce simultaneous publication, especially when the subject has long been undervalued or has stood where the limelight could not fall?) But, on the reckoning that one can never have a surfeit of the Brontës, two books to amplify our knowledge of the author of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* are doubly welcome. The fact that Anne was the chosen candidate of Emily was remarkable enough to have attracted an equal share of past scrutiny, and the kinship of their poems is evident from the time when the child was old enough to run on the moors with her sister. As a Brontë biographer Miss Gérin is indeed "privileged to live in Haworth." Even the casual visitor must be invaded (sometimes battered) by the aura of genius under the parsonage trees. Its presence, growing strongly in the chill damp and the loneliness, is caught up admirably in the narrative and suffuses the coolly critical approach to the works. This book is a tribute to what Anne was just as much as to what she did.

SOMETHING IN THE CITY (*George Allen and Unwin*. 12s. 6d.). John Benn gives a terse account of life in office and boardroom. He simplifies the mysteries of "money at work", of investments and measurements of success in paying our way, of imports and exports, and of the City's role in trade with the rest of the world. Sir John's final chapter is a plea that "banks, insurance companies, shipping lines" combine "in a collective campaign, which should be designed to give information about all aspects of our work": this advertising to be factual and devoid of political slant. To defeat the popular idea that big business and politics are allied is going to be a colossal task.

QUEEN'S, BELFAST 1845-1949 (Published for the University: *Faber and Faber*. 63s. 0d. the two volumes). T. W. Moody and J. C. Beckett, with no thesis to prove and fortified only by devotion to Alma Mater, seem to be the ideal historians for the telling. This story of man's vision and his ingenuity in surmounting difficulties began before Peel's conciliatory policy set up the Queen's Colleges, the Belfast one of which was to be continued in the University, when Dublin's Trinity College was excluding Catholic and Protestant dissenters. Anglicanism, Presbyterianism and particularly the Roman Church have loomed large in the plans for educating Ireland. The centenary celebrations saw the emancipation from political entanglement, the links with British universities (particularly in science) strengthened, and a Presbyterian stronghold opened to other denominations. Queen's reflects something of the dual outlook of Northern Ireland and "within its walls", conclude the authors, "the two communities have an opportunity of mingling in an atmosphere of freedom, equality, and mutual respect that they rarely find in any other sphere."

BETWEEN EAST AND WEST (*East and West Library*. 30s. 0d.). In memory of the founder of this Library and of the Phaidon Press art books, Bela Horovitz, a group of essayists meet under the editorship of A. Altmann. Their names include Norman Bentwich and Martin Buber, and their studies range from Kafka to the Dead Sea Scrolls, from the Hebrew University to modern anti-Semitism, from the theory of miracle to an early Frankfurt Benevolent Society. A volume dedicated to the selflessness and toleration of Horovitz is for the reading of Gentile and Jew alike.

FACING LIFE AND DEATH (*George Allen and Unwin*. 16s. 0d.). Harry Guntrip edits this memorial in homage to Leslie J. Tizard, one of the spellbinders of Carr Lane Congregational Church pulpit in Birmingham, and a Chairman of the Congregational Union. His audiences will welcome the section devoted to six of his sermons, and lessons for us all are to be learned from his chal-

enge to impending death and the spirit of the unfinished manuscript he wrote during the last four months of his life.

THE SPRINGING TIGER (*Cassell*. 25s. 0d.). Hugh Toye's study of a revolutionary brings the life and aims of Subhas Chandra Bose, who died in a Japanese hospital in 1945, vividly to shrinking mind. The Indian civil servant who had resigned as a protest against British rule was in charge of Indian Independence operations in the Far East. Japanese defeat meant the ruin of his hopes. As Philip Mason's commendatory Foreword puts it, this is the first attempt from the British side to assess Bose's character, corrupted by power: "But no one can doubt the stature of the man, his intellectual scope and the passion with which he held his convictions."

THE CAMPAIGNS OF WAVELL 1939-1943 (*Cassell*. 21s. 0d.). Robert Woollcombe recounts the Field Marshal's dealings with the Italians, the Germans and the Japanese, and his "Profile" chapter delineates the audacity behind the "granite looks", the thinker who stiffened the soldier to action. The hardship and setbacks are recalled, the services he rendered his country under difficulties, the "humiliating defeat" and "the most extraordinary victory"; and the reader does not forget either the gentle compiler of *Other Men's Flowers*. Viscount Alanbrooke expresses his admiration of "man, commander, trainer and strategist" in the Foreword.

THE STORY OF OUR GARDENS (*Gordon Fraser Gallery, Bedford*. 8s. 6d.) is Dorothea Eastwood's tracing of the history and development of the Englishmen who tend them. The first were Roman country gentlemen, and their successors the sacristans of monasteries. The age of formality, Restoration and Romantic, Regency and Edwardian, are some of the steps to these days of "Nature's Return" when most of us must do our own gardening and abide, like Edward Bertram in *Mansfield Park* "by our own blunders." The saga is charmingly told without whimsy, the erudition as real as it is unobtrusive, and the illustrations are as good as they are appropriate.

GRACE BANYARD

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